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COMING BATTLE BETWEEN M'CAULIFFE AND MYERS

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 594.
Price Ten Cents.



BARED THEIR PRETTY ARMS.

VACCINATING THE FEMALE STUDENTS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY AT ITHACA, NEW YORK.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1899.

TO THE TRADE.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHAMPIONS.

Ask your newsdealer to reserve you a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE every week, if you want to keep well informed of all the latest news in regard to the GREAT BATTLE between

JAKE KILRAIN and JOHN L. SULLIVAN

For \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, which represents the Championship of the World, to be fought on July 8th.

If there is no newsdealer in your town, send cash direct to this office.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. There was one in Pennsylvania recently.

A champion clay-outer has been rooted up in Georgia. They produce queer champions in the Sunny South—as well as elsewhere in the country.

It is reported in the press that John L. Sullivan is on another drunk. Surely Mr. Sullivan should sue the American press for gross libel.

A hard Nutt to crack: the Indiana man of that name who decapitated his wife and three children with a broadaxe, because they objected to his coming home from the lodge on his uppers and demanding pie for supper at 3:30 A. M.

Several women took part in the lynching of a negro near Birmingham, Ala., recently. Woman is such an imitative creature that it would not surprise us if other lynchings in future in the South and West are taken part in by the fair sex.

There is an old saw to the effect that "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast a better." Perhaps certain so-called champions and sporting men who do all their fighting and betting in the newspapers might profit by a study of this proverb.

We are informed by a daily paper that it is the intention of all the colleges in the country to proscribe the practice of boxing among the collegians. All right, gentlemen of the faculty. Now bring on your wet nurses and your baby carriages.

Doctress Kate Bushnell is making it warm for the Wisconsin dives. Through her efforts an appeal has been made to the Legislature of that State to make a thorough investigation of the awful condition of affairs which she claims exists in Northern Wisconsin. Kate deserves a medal for her pluck.

Our theatrical friends know where they can get good printing and don't hesitate to acknowledge it. The following speaks for itself:

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 5, 1899.
PUBLISHER POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: Mrs. Sinn (Cora Tanner), through me, returns her sincere thanks for your kindness in publishing her photograph in the GAZETTE. She says it is the best portrait of her that has ever appeared in any publication.
Yours resp'y,
WM. L. SINN.

No one who reads the following communication will wonder at the immense circulation which the POLICE GAZETTE has, not only in this country, but in foreign lands:

SAVAGE CLUB.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Jan. 2, 1899.
EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—You published a few weeks ago a card from a Nottingham "Fisher" in which he stated that his shop would be lost without your paper. I can believe it. After I have run my copy through (Rosen's "Masks and Faces" always entertains me), I leave it with a man who keeps a fashionable hair dressing saloon off Regent street. I fancy he gives me an extra superfluous twist to my curls for my attention in this respect. The other day I turned up, but did not take his paper. He looked depressed. "What's the matter?" I inquired. "Well, sir," he replied, "we miss the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE. Since I've had that paper my business has increased, and I have many customers who come solely to read it. Please don't forget me again." How's that?
HOWARD PAUL.

"IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE."

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, the talented young author of "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," has issued, through his publisher, Benjamin W. Hitecock, the topical song, "If I Were a Millionaire," which was originally published in the Evening World. We are in receipt of a handsomely printed copy of the composition in sheet music form, upon the title page of which is an engraved bust of the well-known sporting patron, Richard K. Fox, an excellent tribute of esteem to that popular sportsman, as well as a representative specimen of lithography. From the Evening World.

MASKS AND FACES

Nat and Tony--Ballet and Dudelet.

DALY, RANKIN, DONNELLY.

Mad Actors and Bad Managers--Stage Door Studios--Photographs of Langtry.

LABOUCHERE ON THE BANJO.

Beatrice Belair was as pretty a girl as you'd meet in an evening's walk. That is, she looked pretty from front. Her face was pert; her eyes were large and had the



devil in them: her waist was wasp-like, her bust was well developed and her legs were shapely.

Beatrice Belair was a ballet girl. She had no end of admirers, and first and foremost among them was Montgomery Lackbrain. He was awfully gone on her. He sent her lots of notes, lots of flowers, told her lots of pretty things and even sent her lots of poems, which he cribbed from books of quotations. But Beatrice Belair got heartily sick of Montgomery Lackbrain, and one night she told him so plainly.

I reproduce their conversation as another specimen of the utter heartlessness and materialism of our time.

"Don't you believe in love?" asked he in despairing tones. "Will nothing move your heart? Have you a heart of stone?"

"No," she answered, "my heart is diamond. Diamond will cut it. I'm tired of flowers, and notes, and poetry. Trot out your diamonds and we'll talk business!"

Florence Ashbrooke plays in Philadelphia in "The Corsican Brothers" this week.

Florence Miller is one of the prettiest women in the variety ranks.

May Irwin intends to go to Europe next season and teach them our song-and-dance business.

Celle Ellis, who is a kind of Pauline Hall in duodecimo, is going back on the stage.

Alice Butler, who is now one of the thinly draped attendants of Cleopatra at Palmer's, used to be in burlesque with Rice.

Emily Yeamans, at Harrigan's, dances better and dresses worse than most any soubrette on our stage.

Edith Murlila, the banjo-playing tomboy of the "Still Alarm," keeps things agog while she's before the public.

Miss Atherton, Miss Millard and Miss Hawthorne are sometimes called the "Three Graces" of the "Queen's Mate" at the Standard.

Mabelle Stuart, with Evans and Hoey, has a trim shape and an indistinct enunciation.

Annie Sammerville, it is said, will marry a man as rich as his name.

Jananabek, down in the Southwest, is making big men with six shooters blubber with pent emotion.

Emily Northrop is singing merrily with "Two Old Crookes," and making squads of friends.

Jane Coombs has not yet blown away.

Marie Prescott is in the land of sugar cane and alligators.

Miriam O'Leary has made a hit in "Shenandoah" at the Boston Museum.

I sauntered into Dockstader's to see "Fashions," by Grattan Donnelly, the other night. It's a farce comedy that reminds me of the famous dish of bouillabaisse which Thackeray ate at Terre's tavern in Paris and wrote about afterward:

"This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotch potch of all sorts of fishes
That Greenwich never could outdo.
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Sole, onions, garlic, roach and dace—
All these you eat at Terre's tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse."

The farce comedy in question has a little of everything in it—good, bad and indifferent.

Charles Jerome isn't a bit funny as an impossible broker.

Charley Seamon dances well as the broker's impetuous customer.

Ed Edwards did a clever bit of Dutch character business.

Will Armstrong may have been a fly clerk, but he wasn't much in the singing line.

Artie Latham, the baseball player, had little to do, and did it great.

Hilda Thomas sang one or two songs with good effect and dressed well in act three.

Fanny Stevens showed a pair of well-shaped legs and kicked up a cloud of embroidered underwear.

Julia Elmore was matronly active as the wife of the broker.

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Katie Conway, as the daughter, was rather colorless.

Lillie La Verde ditto.

There is a great deal of good material in "Fashions," but it doesn't seem to be worked out.

We expected better things from Grattan Donnelly, but then "expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises."

"Nat Goodwin was telling me, the other day," says Leander Richardson, "a very interesting story about Hart. Some years ago Goodwin and Hart met on Broadway. Both were rich at the moment. Hart and Goodwin had been friends from boyhood, and Tony asked Nat how he was getting along. In a joking way Goodwin replied that he was not only ill, but poverty-stricken. A few days later Goodwin was taken ill with a carbuncle, and went to bed at the Hoffman House, where he remained for a considerable length of time. A day or two after his retirement he got a note from Tony Hart, enclosing a check that was blank save for the signature. The note which accompanied this gift ran about as follows: 'Dear Nat—I understand that you are ill and broke. I have got \$32,000 in the bank, and I enclose my unfilled check. Fill it out for whatever you want. Yours, Tony.'"

As we sit and listen to "The Inconstant," by Farquhar, recently produced by Daly at his theatre, we are transported to another century.

There is little plot to the play, but the witty lines make up for it.

There are no strong situations, but there is plenty of graceful posing, bowing, saluting, a little dancing, a tasteful display of old-time interiors and an instructive variety of ancient costume.

The play is all about a wild gallant who loved women, wine and song, and who was won from his haredevil ways by the devotion of his true lady love.

Of course Mr. John Drew played the gallant and Miss Ada Rehan played the innamorata.

They played their parts in their well-known way—Mr. Drew with studied dash and Miss Rehan with her lachrymose purr.

Mr. George Clarke was admirable as a bashful but brave hearted soldier.

Miss Kitty Cheatham acted, spoke, and danced neatly, and won her lover over in the most approved modern manner.

Altogether "The Inconstant," as played at Daly's, is as neat a bit of histrionic work as you'd want to see of a winter's afternoon.

Nellie Russell appeared to please on the Bowery.

Nellie Sanford is one of the pluckiest women in the variety ranks.

Sadie McIntire, Nettie Morse and Grace Lawrence were leading burlesque attractions at Fort Smith, Ark.

Alice Videau and May Waldron were voted a success at the Theatre Comique, Minneapolis, Minn.

Carrie Hall was heartily received at Los Angeles, Cal.

I met Tote Du Crow last week. He was in town reorganizing the Miss Fitz company, in which he is interested.

Mr. Du Crow, who is well known as a clown, dancer and pantomimist, tells this story with quiet humor: "Some years ago I was out with a 'Peck's Bad Boy' company. We had an old-timer—Conley, one of the palmy days' men—play the part of the uncle. I shall never forget the face and words of this dignified old-timer when he came behind the scenes after the initiation act of the play on the first night. In that act, as you know, the unfortunate uncle is initiated into a club by his bad nephew and his bad nephew's tough friend, and bucked by a goat in that part of his person which a patriot soldier never shows the enemy. 'Well, well,' exclaimed the old-timer, rubbing the injured part of his anatomy, 'that I should come to this! I have

played Macduff. I have played Cassio, gentlemen. I have played Brutus. I have played Malvolio. I have played—well, well, that I should live to see the day when a goat bucked me in—' Just then a passing street band blared out discordant sounds, and I lost the last words of the crushed tragedian's lament. But I guessed what they were."

Jessie West, a neat little dancer, has left the "Twelve Temptations" company.

Sadie Martinot makes her debut in German under Amberg. Pauline Hall also sang under that dashing manager.

Charles Dickson goes with J. M. Hill next season.

Nelson Wheatcraft has almost completed a new play. Eben Plympton has received a costume from Lester Wallack as a legacy.

Phosa McAllister is to wed Harry Duffield.

Emily Rizzi is to go with Frank Mayo.

The only thing that drew me to Hanlon's chestnutty "Fantasma" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre was the fact that Laura Burt was to impersonate the part of the good fairy.

She did it charmingly.

She looked well, spoke well, and acted well.

As I passed the stage door of the Fourteenth Street Theatre I became reminiscent. I thought of the old "Evangeline" days, when long lines of cabs stood in front of that stage door each night, and stage husbands, and lovers, and street boys, and toughs, and an occasional policeman made the scene a typically metropolitan one. I thought of such burlesquers as Waldemere, Stetson, Somerville, Kate Uart, Hindle Harrison, Carrie Wallace, Louise Monique, Irene Verona, May Danforth, May Steele, Annie Lukie, Lute Campbell, Mollie Fuller.

But to come back to "Fantasma." I want to say there is very little of Hanlon in it and very much of a clown.

This clown, Francois Zellner, certainly earns his wages. He occupies the stage most of the time and works hard to please. If he becomes tiresome, at times, it is not his fault, but it is because some of his scenes are spun out too long.

Charles Biegel, a big and loud-voiced king of evil, makes bad breaks all through the performance. He continually alludes to *Fantasma*, with the accent on the last syllable. He drops his voice when he ought to raise it, and raises it when he should drop it. He

might, altogether, be better employed chopping wood than chopping lines.

I don't see why Ida Mausey comes out in a costume that looks like a cross between a ballet dress and a loose morning gown.

I can't for the life of me understand how Jack Shelley, who is a clever and sensible fellow, can be devoted, even in play, to such a tastelessly rigged out maiden.

The best thing in the show was the burlesque go-as-you-please walking match.

And Laura Burt again distinguished herself when, fantastically arrayed as Belva Lockwood, she hurled her capital parody political stump speech at an unoffensive and laughter-convulsed audience.

Henry Labouchere has been airing his views on the banjo as the fashionable instrument in the drawing rooms of London.

"I can well imagine the feelings of the New Orleans darker, as he existed before the war, if he could only visit a London drawing-room in full season and hear the young scions of the aristocracy twanging the once-devised 'plantation' instrument in the ears of damsels of high estate. It was an aged negress, who, seeing the daughter of a New York millionaire driving down the Broadway with a little nigger in 'buttons' perched in the dicky behind the vehicle, fell down on her knees on the pavement and muttered her thanksgiving: 'Bress der Lord dat I have lived to see dis day. Pretty white lady coachman to young colored gentleman.' The aged tenant of an Ohio cabin holding would probably be equally astonished could he but see the most exalted male in this realm, throwing aside those troubles which the inhabitants of the Greater Republic are pleased to consider the cares of State, and giving a boundary performance on the banjo before the Princess and their daughters. I am, indeed, informed by those who ought to know that the Prince of Wales, like his relative, the Czar of Russia, is no mean performer on the banjo, and, as he has an excellent musical memory, without pretending to too much technical knowledge, that he can, after returning from the opera or opera bouffe, pick out the tunes on the banjo with astonishing facility. The banjo does not deserve the unworthy wit levelled at it by those who have only heard it as performed by the peripatetic musician at the head of Margate Jetty, or by the musical partner of the 'Bones' of negro minstrelsy. The instrument—which an Ulster immigrant once described as a drum-head with the bottom knocked out—can discourse sweet music if played by an expert."

This messenger boy who, strange to say, is in a hurry, is not bearing you a message of the great success which "The Runaway Wife" of McKee Rankin achieved at Niblo's last week.

The play, though extensively noticed beforehand, didn't pan out well here. There are strong situations in it. There are clearly defined characters in it. But it lacks coherence and wants literary finish.

An artist, blind from overwork, involved in debt, racked by jealousy, is abandoned by his wife.

An old story, you see, but one full of wide dramatic possibilities.

McKee Rankin acted the part of the blind artist, jealous husband, in a robust, west country style.

Mabel Bert, who was "featured" on the bills, was pretty, dressed badly, and acted conventionally.

The rest of the cast, the less said of them the better.

And even Mr. Maeder is cut out to act the part of an English nobleman about as much as I am to dance like Mlle. Giller, a lady whom Mr. Abbey has just specially engaged to disport herself in the grand spectacular production of "Antony and Cleopatra" at Palmer's.

We have received a long and doleful communication from the members of the late "Latour Dramatic Company" complaining of the actions of their late manager, George A. Latour. He opened an office in New York, they say, and advertised in a dramatic paper for people. He got them and took them out on the road. They played, and when salary day came there was no salary. Latour, they say, made promises only to break them. Weeks went by and still there was no salary. Finally the company got mad. One night they demanded the receipts or they wouldn't go on. And that night, at Fremont, O., the would-be manager, Latour, was fired, says the communication, and a new manager was chosen. The "London Theatre Company" was formed. Wm. J. Holmes is the new manager. Josie Crocker, Beattie Hopkin, F. C. Ormond, John B. Sherman, Harry Lennox, Ella Francis, Francis Cook, Stuart Anderson, Eddie Sharpe and Emeline Neilson, members of the company, testify to the truth of all this.

The night they fired Latour they played "Lady Audley," and concluded the performance with the side-splitting and appropriate farce, "A Manager's Troubles."

"I have often been much amused," said Mrs. Langtry to a friend some time ago, "at the different tones my photographs have when taken in different countries. I have a complete collection of my photographs since I entered public life. My albums contain pictures of me taken in Wales, England, Scotland, France, Germany and the United States. You would be amused, as much as myself, if you saw how different I look according to the photographers of different countries. The Londoner makes me staid, serene and classic. The Parisian strikes me as jaunty, piquant, boulevardier picture of me. The German makes me plump, big and matronly. Here I am a kind of cosmopolitan. In every country I seem to catch on the camera some of the distinctive traits of the nation in whose midst I am photographed. I am afraid that any one who never had seen me, and who should judge me by my photograph, would be inclined at last, to join in the saying of Henry VIII. when he first saw Anne of Cleves and compared her with the picture he had previously seen of her by Holbein: 'Where the devil did you get this great Flemish mare?'

Carrie Daniels, a good singer and a clever actress, can now be seen daily on Broadway.

Ida Mullie looks as cheery and chipper as though such things as lawsuits against managers were not.

May Yoke chatted with Fred Eustis in a box at Dockstader's the other night.

May Wilkes sat with Edwin F. Thorne in a box at Niblo's.

Jake Rosenthal invites me to the 2,000th performance of the "Little Tycoon" in New Orleans.

Dunlop, of Stage News, has been indulging in one of his exotic witticisms again. Here is Dunlop's latest: "As a rule, girls who fill their tights better than their parts, have better parts than those who fill their parts better than their tights."

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NIGHT CAPS, LIQUID AND OTHERWISE

THE WHITE CAP NUISANCE.

Chicago's "Jack the Skipper."

A FINE KENTUCKY SPORTSMAN

An Old Sport On the Rampage—A Pittsburg Sensation.

GOOD READING FOR ROUNDERS.

What is there so dreadful about a white cap? Certainly, a pretty woman never looks better than when she has her nightcap on, provided, of course, the night cap is in keeping with her style of beauty. And yet—

Old Caudle had rather see his Satanic Majesty, he assures me, than Mrs. Caudle with her nightcap on when he comes home from the lodge. Young Maudie confided to me, in the strictest confidence, at the club the other night, that if there was anything under the sun, except his creditors, that he was afraid of, it was Mrs. Maudie waiting for him at 1 A. M. in a white cap. Caudle and Maudie are fond of night caps themselves, internally administered, but they don't want them in their family life, it is evident.

Perhaps it is this domestic dread in which these articles of headgear are held that has procured their adoption as the uniform of the mobs that want to run certain of our country districts to suit themselves. Anyway, the White Cap business is getting to be a nuisance that the authorities will soon have to take in hand. It is all very well to reform people with clubs and rawhides, but you want to be sure that you have got hold of the right man to reform, and make certain that there is no way to reform him within legal reach.

Over on Long Island the White Caps object to a young fellow staying at his club after ten o'clock at night and duck him in a horsepond when they catch him on his way home. Over in Jersey they threaten to white-cap a man because he has a row with his mother-in-law, and in Westchester county they scare young girls who go to dances into fits by surrounding them on their homeward course and menacing them with the most hideous punishments if they don't forswear dancing, stay at home nights, and otherwise make Judies of themselves.

This is a free country, I am well aware. But some people's ideas of freedom are entirely too liberal even for this blessed land of liberty.



FARMER BARKER'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WHITE CAPS

Now and then some man has backbone enough to make a fight with these cowardly gangs of rural regulators, and when he does he generally gets the better of them. The other night a White Cap gang tackled a farmer named Barker, of Sullivan county, Pennsylvania, as he was driving home from market. They surrounded his team, and Barker demanded what they wanted.

"You've got to stop cheating at horse trades," replied the spokesman of the gang.

"Who says I have?" asked Barker, politely.

"We do," replied the White Caps in what was intended to be a solemn chorus.

"All right," replied Barker, cheerfully; "I'll see about it when I have time."

And he dealt the ringleader of the mob a whack over the head with the butt of his whip that knocked him senseless. Then he pulled a revolver and commenced to fill every one in range full of lead, till they scattered and left him to drive home unmolested.

Of course Farmer Barker has had no trouble with the White Caps since. They have no use for a man who isn't afraid of them and who does his fighting without a nightcap on.

Out in the far West the Vigilance Committees are getting to be as great a nuisance as the White Caps are in the more immediate regions of the Middle and Eastern country. Last week they broke out in Pinetown, Wyoming.

Pinetown must, by all accounts, be a very pious and sensitively moral community. A good many people might incline to the belief that Pinetown is quite too good a place to exist on this wicked, mundane sphere. But some people's ideas of piety differ from others.

The piety of Pinetown, it seems, revolved at the idea that a widow named Tester should run a boarding house for miners and keep one of her boarders, a prospector named Ferguson, free of charge, in her own bedroom, while he was sick with a fever. So the pious part of Pinetown gathered to the tune of forty strong

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one night, raided the Widow Tester's house and dragged her out in her chemise to switch her in the front yard.

Ferguson was still in bed, recovering from his fever. He heard the noise, got up, grabbed his revolver and



PINETOWN'S LATEST SENSATION.

his bowie knife and sailed in. The number of the dead and wounded is not mentioned, but it is reasonably certain that Pinetown will not worry the widow Tester again.

One very good reason to believe this is that she became Mrs. Ferguson the next afternoon, and that Ferguson has published a notice in the Pinetown Herald stating that he will admit daylight into the internal organs of any person who dares to slur, slander or molest his wife again.

If we had more Barkers and Fergusons in this country there would be fewer White Cap sensations in the papers, and decent men could take their nightcaps in peace and quietness without fear of interference from inquisitive lawbreakers.

Jack the Ripper has managed to frighten the women of London out of their seven senses with the gory nightcaps he has been giving them. Jack the Skipper seems to be doing the same with the women of Chicago. The difference between these terrors of the town is that the cockney fiend goes for his victims' vitals, while the Chicago demon goes for their valuables.

Highway robbers are having a carnival on West



CHICAGO'S "JACK THE SKIPPER."

Madison street, and the police appear to make no efforts to stop them. On Monday evening of last week, at twenty minutes to six o'clock, Mrs. J. B. Sherwood, the wife of a well-known furniture man, stepped from a Madison street car and walked toward her home, West Monroe street, near the corner of Laflin. She was followed from the corner of Madison street by two men, behind whom walked another woman. As she was crossing an alley between Madison and Monroe streets the two men stepped up beside her. The one on her left side took hold of her satchel and jerked it several times in an effort to get it away from her. But instinctively the lady tightened her hold on the satchel, and he did not succeed. As she was about to turn to the man on her right to appeal for help, she received from him a blow on the right side of her head, knocking her down. She lay dazed for a few seconds, and when she came to her satchel was gone and the men were out of sight.

Mrs. Louisa O'Rell, an English lady living on Sheldon street, was held up the following night in a similar manner. She, too, got off a Madison street car and was followed by two colored men. She reached her house and was turning to mount the steps when one of the fellows grabbed her satchel, jerked it out of her hand and ran. She turned to the other man.

"Won't you try and get my pocketbook for me?" He said he would, and ran after the robber, but never came back. The police were notified in both cases, but appeared to take little interest in the matter.

Chicago women are afraid to go out at night for fear of being attacked and robbed, and burglaries are reported in every section of the city. Few, if any, arrests are made, and the gangs which infest the town appear to have things their own way. There is a general cry for a change, says a correspondent, for as things are going on now there might as well be no police, for no arrests are made.

But perhaps the Chicago police have their nightcaps on and don't want to be disturbed.

Talking of nightcaps, I see by one of the city papers that young Basil Duke, the son of the famous



A HEELER TACKLES THE WRONG MAN.

ex-Confederate general, is visiting New York. Young Duke is one of the manliest and most enthusiastic gentlemen sportsmen in Kentucky, though he does not

look it. He illustrates in his genteel and elegant person the ideal of a gallant young man of the world, rather than a rounder and a match for the gang.

Nevertheless, he is thoroughly able to hold his own with any opponent, as I had once personal occasion to note.

It was in Louisville, not long ago, and I was stopping at a hotel while transacting some business that had taken me to the West. I had seen all the plays in town and visited the sights, and was reduced to an aimless stroll one evening in order to kill the time that hung so heavily on my hands.

In the course of this stroll I wandered into a dive in one of the cross streets. It was kept by a man whose record is singularly like that of Mr. McGlory, of Hester street. This man had spent a great part of his life in the extreme West, and is responsible for several graves in the cemetery of a border town between Arizona and New Mexico. He is, moreover, a disciple of the manly art of self-defence and has fought several prize battles.

Having known him in time past, it was his desire to afford me some amusement. In the third story of his house is a ring, regularly staked off, with the necessary sawdust and all the requirements for a friendly set-to, and I was quietly informed that there was a little affair on for that night between his barkeeper, a professional fighter, who indulged in the very suggestive name of Charley Slusher, and a young swell who sat at a table with some friends at the opposite side of the room.

I looked over and recognized a young son of General Basil Duke. My sympathies were at once appealed to, and I begged my acquaintance not to allow the scrap to go on, knowing that the man young Duke was to engage himself against was a professional fighter. My host assured me, however, that the young fellow should be protected, as he had given Slusher instructions not to injure the lad.

Subsequent proceedings proved that the instructions were very ill-timed for Charley Slusher.

It was not the amateur, but the professional pug, that needed protection. For the six rounds agreed upon young Duke made a blubber of the Slusher. He knocked him into every conceivable shape, and finally sent him to grass against the stove, which came down in a heap, pipe and all, and put an end to the fight. What was left of the fighter was carried away for repairs. He was put to sleep by his friends and we adjourned to the Louisville Club to fit night caps to the young athlete's victory out of a case of fizz.

The professional pugilist is not at half the discount that the amateur in the same line is in New York, however, just at this time. The other evening a squad of wild young blades were indulging in a friendly set-to on Fifth avenue after a supper at their club, when one of them knocked the other over against a passing pedestrian. This person, who was an elderly individual of a pompous aspect, called out angrily: "Here, here! what are you about, you young black-guard."

"Come on and find out, you old cad!" replied the person addressed.

"By gad! I will," answered the elderly individual.

And jumping on the offender he grabbed him by the coat collar and commenced to whale him with his stick. The friends of the victim endeavored to interfere, and within two minutes were running for their lives, leaving the old boy in possession of the field.



A PEDESTRIAN GIVES SOME WILD YOUNG BLADES A TASTE OF HIS CANE.

"I guess they'll think twice before they give me a stand off again," remarked the victor placidly to himself, as he turned into the Union Club, among whose members, years ago, he enjoyed the reputation of being the champion sparrer.

If he enjoyed his night cap, it was more than the gentlemen who had been treated to a taste of his cane did. I will go bail.

Pittsburg is such a proper town that it takes ninety-nine scandals there to make one divorce. Consequently, when any one sues for a divorce in the Smoky City it is safe to assume that there is plenty of scandal behind the action. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the Coleman suit is tearing Pittsburg up by the roots?



AN INCIDENT THAT GIVES SPICE TO A PITTSBURG DIVORCE SCANDAL.

The most brilliant wedding of the year 1892 was that which united Miss Carrie Sproul and William Coleman, Jr., heir to a million and a member of one of the oldest families of the city. They took up their abode in a handsome house in the East end, where they lived for two or three years.

Becoming tired of housekeeping, and being the possessors of a considerable fortune, they began to travel for pleasure. They visited California. While in that

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State it is said the erring husband met and fell in love with a young woman. Thus matters ran for a time, much to the annoyance of the wife, who earnestly protested, but all to no purpose.

Toward the end of last August, so it is alleged, Mr. Coleman and the charming woman sailed for Europe, where they are now thought to be living.

The deserted wife, through her uncle, Charles C. Craft, has asked the court to sever the nuptial knot.

The husband is a son of the late William Coleman, a brother-in-law of the late Thomas M. Carnegie, and is one of the owners of the Opera House, and Mr. Coleman's wife is a daughter of the late Isaac Sprout. Her mother was the daughter of the late James Craft.

The most interesting charge brought against him is that among his other malefactions he used to walk about the parlor of the charming woman on his hands while she drank wine and laughed at his antics.

This may be true or may not, but everything goes in a divorce suit.

I notice about town that the book about the Whitechapel murders, published in the POLICE GAZETTE library, is being very generally perused by all classes of rounders. If the public had only half an idea how interesting the POLICE GAZETTE library is, they would treat themselves to some good reading.

HI FLYER.

TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Cincinnati, O., Enquirer a few days ago published the following:

Guy Storey owes his life to the interference of Mrs. Louis Hayes, his guilty love. The following telegram tells the story:

FRANKLIN, Ind., Jan. 11, 1899.

For the past few days the one topic of conversation in this city has been the social scandal which was developed last week. The facts are about as follows:

About three years ago Louis Hayes and wife came to this city from Indianapolis. Mr. Hayes accepted a position as head clerk in the drug house of W. B. McCullough, and for some time after their arrival here Mrs. Hayes conducted herself in such a manner as to arouse her husband's suspicions as to her fidelity. To convince himself of the truth of his suspicions Mr. Hayes hired Chas. Walder to spy upon his wife's actions. As a result of this watch, one night last week Mr. Ben F. Brown, the postmaster, was seen to leave Hayes' residence at a late hour. The husband remained silent, but on the following night, in company with his detective, stealthily entered his own residence, and there confirmed his suspicions, but instead of finding the postmaster, Hayes encountered another man named Guy Storey. Incensed beyond reason, Hayes drew a revolver and attempted to shoot, but was frustrated by his unfaithful wife, who, divining his intentions, struck his arm upward, and the bullet was imbedded in the ceiling. Meanwhile Storey made his escape. Hayes at once sent his wife to her parents in Cincinnati, and instituted proceedings for divorce.

BRIDE AND GROOM IN PERIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. William P. Richardson of New York, recently married, has been spending his honeymoon at Richmond, Va. A few days ago, accompanied by the bride, he went sailing on the York river. The craft was a tiny cockle shell ducking boat used by the oystermen.

Many voices were raised to dissuade the bride from risking her life in such a frail craft, but with a gay laugh she took her seat in it at her husband's side, and waved a parting salute to those who were standing on the shore. A stiff breeze was blowing, and soon the little boat was dancing upon the waves or hidden from view in the trough of the sea.

After they had gone some distance, Dr. G. W. Richardson and his brother Arthur, brothers of the groom, hoisted the sails of another small boat and started in pursuit. Out on the broad river, more than a mile from shore, the boats met and a race was proposed. The wind had freshened considerably, and the waves were rolling high, and friends on the shore watched the boats with much anxiety. Soon their fears were realized, for the sails disappeared, and they saw the newly-married pair struggling in the water and clinging to the overturned boat. Richardson held to the boat with one hand, and with the other supported his wife. It required his utmost exertion to keep her head above the water. In this perilous position the couple were finally rescued.

SANK DOWN IN THE DOORWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The aged woman, Mrs. Margaret Schneider, says a special from Baltimore, Md., Jan. 9, who was so horribly mutilated yesterday afternoon, died last night in the City Hospital. The white woman, who was known as Ida, and who had been in Mrs. Schumann's employ as a servant since Thursday last, is charged with the assault. Mrs. Schneider had been living alone with the servant for a week, her granddaughter, Mrs. Schumann, having gone to Philadelphia.

About half-past 3 o'clock in the afternoon Captain J. C. McGreger, of No. 3 Chemical Fire Company, while standing at the window of the engine-house opposite the house on Fifth street, saw Mrs. Schneider in her doorway, with her face and dress smeared with blood. She beckoned to him, and he ran across the street, but before he reached her Mrs. Schneider sank upon the front steps from weakness.

SHACKLED BY A BRUTAL BROTHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

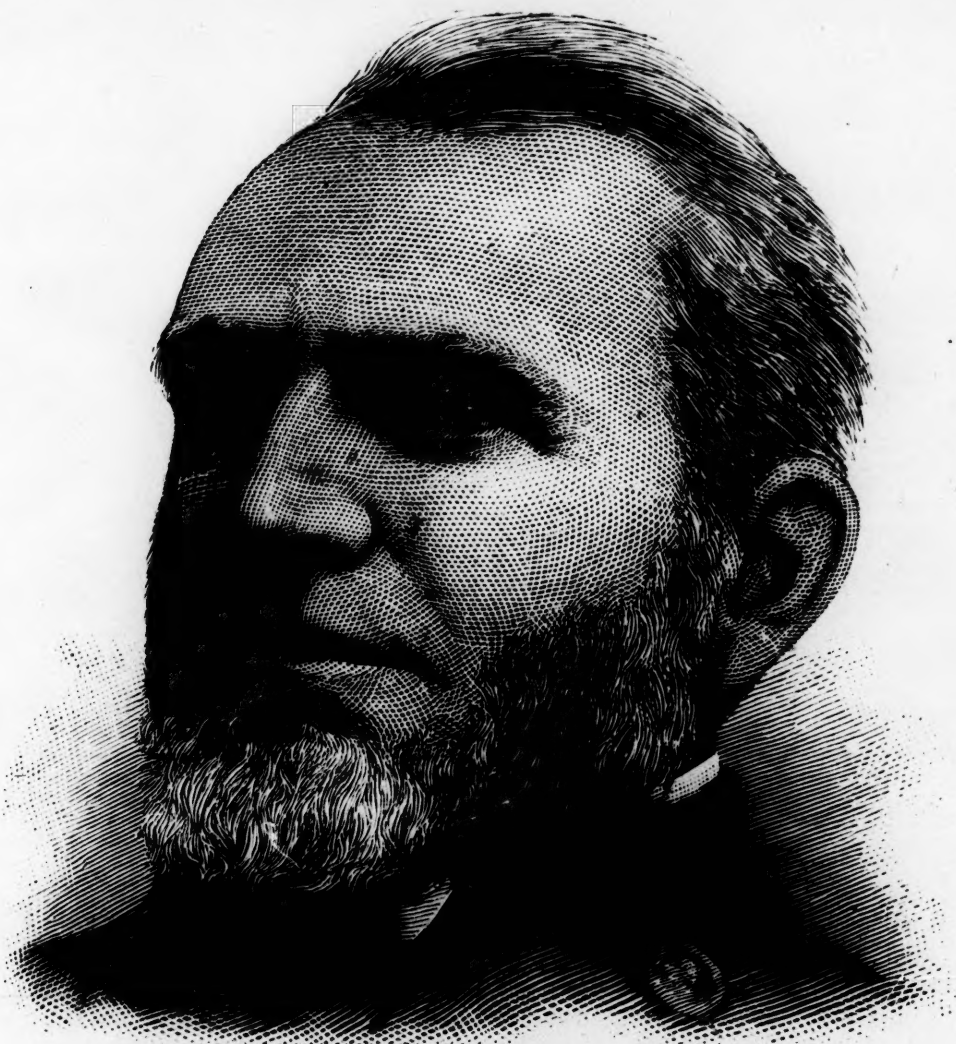
A few evenings ago the wife of Patrolman Snook of Detroit, Mich., saw a little girl go through the door yard and enter an outhouse. As the girl remained some time she went out to investigate and found there Maud McBride, a half-witted girl of ten years, whose mother lives in the rear of 319 Twelfth street.

The child's ankles were in shackles made of heavy galvanized iron wire, which only permitted her to step about six inches and which had been on so long that they had worn smooth and cut deeply into the flesh. The girl stated that her brother George had placed the shackles on her to keep her at home. She was taken in charge by the authorities.

L. M. TIER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular sporting men in Adelaide, N. S. W., is L. M. Tier, better known as "Mick" Tier, whose portrait will be seen on another page. He is an old professional, and a native of the city of Dublin, Ireland. He is the host of Tattersall's Hotel, where all the prominent sporting men put up, and which is famous for its excellent cuisine and other accommodations.



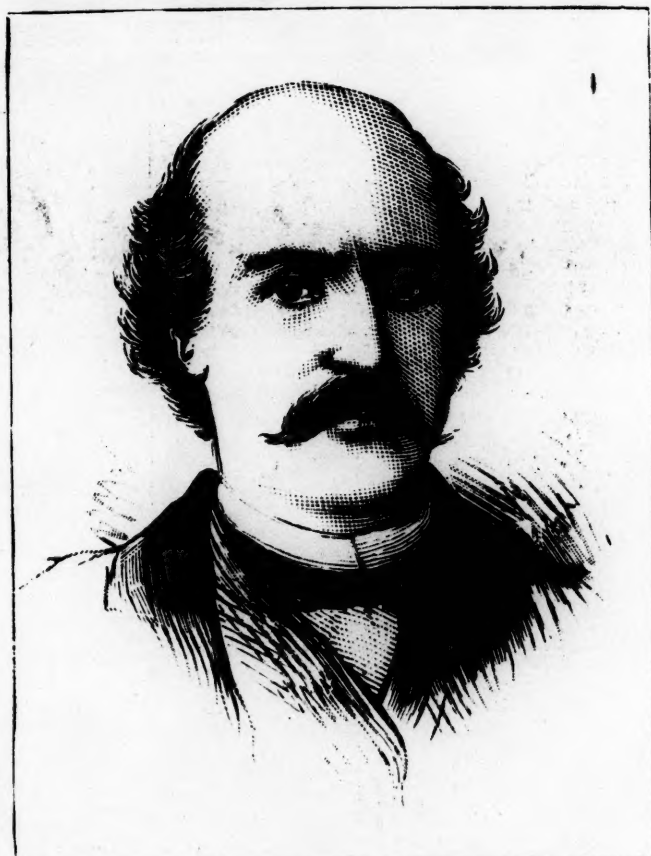
PATRICK CAMPBELL,
THE POPULAR, CAPABLE AND EFFICIENT POLICE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CITY
OF CHURCHES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



L. M. TIER,
BETTER KNOWN AS "MICK," THE POPULAR HOST OF TATTERSALL'S HOTEL, ADE-
LAIDE, NEW SOUTH WALES.



JOSIE WILLIAMS,
A GRACEFUL AND SPIRITED DANCER, FAVORABLY KNOWN IN PROMINENT BURLESQUE COMPANIES.



PROF. JAMES CORKERY,
WHO MARRIED LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BERTHA MUNDY AC-
CORDING TO FAIRY RITES AT SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.



BERTHA MUNDY,
THE "FAIRY" WIFE OF PROF. JAMES CORKERY THE SOUTH AM-
BOY, N. J., PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER.



MRS. BECKIE RAWSON,
SOON TO BE TRIED AT CHICAGO, ILL., FOR SHOOTING LAWYER
WHITNEY WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.



DR. W. W. MULLIKEN,
ARRESTED ON THE CHARGE OF LURING LITTLE GIRLS INTO HIS
OFFICE AT ESCANABA, MICH., FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES.

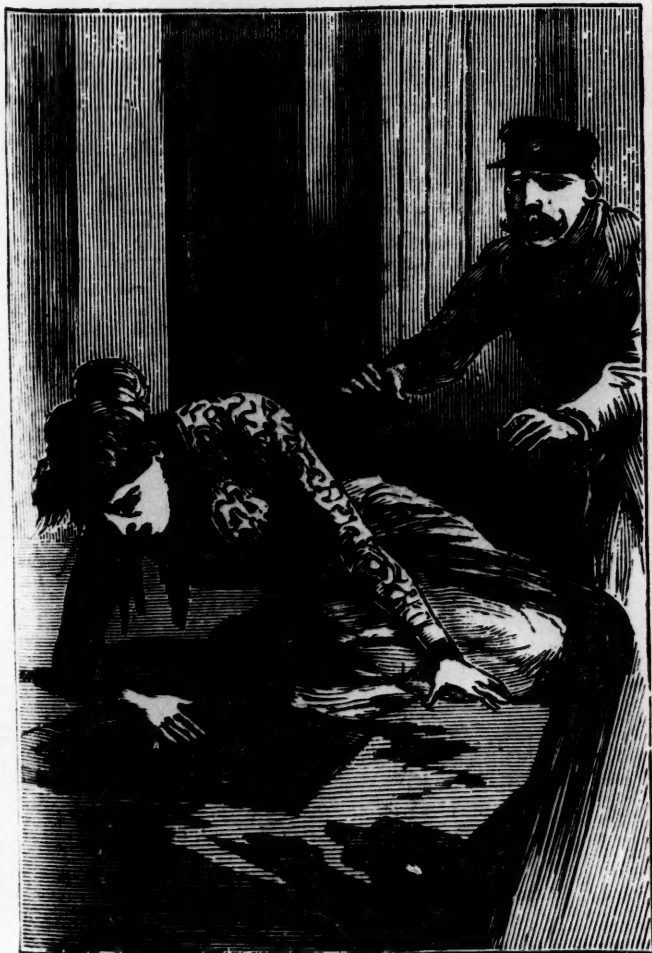


JOHN DIMARCO,
A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, WHO SHOT AND KILLED HIS MISTRESS,
ALICE FLETCHER, AT ALBANY, N. Y.



WOMEN WATCHED HIM STRUNG UP.

THE LYNCHING OF GEORGE MEADOWS NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALA., FOR THE MURDER OF YOUNG KELLUM, A NINE-YEAR-OLD YOUTH.



SANK DOWN IN HER DOORWAY.
NOW MRS. MARGARET SCHNEIDER OF BALTIMORE, MD., WAS
KILLED BY A QUARRELSDOME DOMESTIC.



"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE."
HIGHWAYMEN ATTACK AND ROB LUTHER TALMAN OF FAIR-
PORT, N. Y., IN DETROIT, MICH.



SHACKLED BY A BRUTAL BROTHER.
THE INHUMANITY TO LITTLE MAUD M'BRIDE AT DETROIT,
MICH., AS REVEALED BY THE POLICE.

SHE SINNED.

How Frank P. Dudgeon, of Brooklyn, Made Amends to the Girl He Betrayed.

A DEATH BED MARRIAGE

The Wretched Female Kills Herself, but Consents to Become a Bride at the Last Moment.

BACHELOR BABCOCK'S BOODLE

A pretty young girl's death at her own hands, as a relief from mental anguish and to hide her shame, preceded by a death bed marriage, was the sensation in Brooklyn a few days ago.

Two weeks ago Frank P. Dudgeon, of Locust Valley, L. I., called upon Mrs. M. A. Harriman, a dressmaker, who rents the first flat at No. 124 Flatbush avenue. He was accompanied by a young woman who said she was Miss Kitty A. Cody, of Oyster Bay, L. I.

Dudgeon wished Mrs. Harriman to receive the girl as a boarder, and as he said that he could recommend her, Mrs. Harriman, who claims that she has known him for eight or nine years, consented to receive the girl.

Miss Cody was then in a delicate condition. On Friday of last week Dudgeon paid a hurried visit to Dr. Frank Hall, one of the Queens county Coroners, who resides at Glen Cove, and begged him to go at once to No. 124 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, where he would find a young woman dangerously ill.

The physician, who had attended Dudgeon and members of his family, did as he was directed. Dr. Hall says that at first he was puzzled to know the exact cause of the girl's illness, as she was very much disinclined to tell him anything.

When, however, he informed her that her life was in imminent danger she admitted that in order to save herself and her people from disgrace, she had attempted to destroy all evidences of her shame, and was then suffering from her own foolhardy action.

Dr. Hall did what he could to save the girl's life. Dudgeon was a constant attendant upon the girl, and seemed to be as devoted to Miss Cody as he was worried over her dangerous condition.

About three P. M. on Tuesday last it was evident that the girl was rapidly sinking, and that she had but a few more hours to live. When this fact was made known to Dudgeon he protested earnestly that he had time and again urged Miss Cody to marry him, but that she had always refused to do so.

He went down upon his knees at her bedside and weeping besought her even at that late hour to allow the marriage ceremony to be performed, saying that it was the only thing that now remained in his power to show his sorrow at her plight and remorse for what had happened.

At length the dying girl gave her consent, and the nearest clergyman, Rev. Dr. A. B. Kendig, pastor of the Hanson Place Methodist Church, was hastily summoned.

As the clergyman entered the sick room his suspicions were aroused, and he questioned Dr. Hall about the case. It is alleged that the physician replied that, although the girl was very ill, there was nothing about the case that should lead to the clergyman's refusal to unite the couple.

Thereupon Dr. Kendig made Dudgeon and his dying sweetheart man and wife, Mrs. Harriman, the dressmaker, and another woman acting as witnesses. Dudgeon gave his age as twenty-eight and his trade as machinist. Miss Cody said that she was twenty and that her home was in Oyster Bay.

Shortly after the ceremony the patient's condition rapidly became worse and at 6 A. M. she died. Coroner Rooney was notified of the death and received sufficient information from Dr. Hall to induce him to begin a searching investigation into the whole case. The coroner was not notified of the young woman's illness so that her ante-mortem statement could be obtained.

Dr. Hall said that in his opinion no one but the girl herself had anything to do with inflicting the injuries from which she died.

The following letter, which it is said the girl herself wrote, was found among her effects:

BROOKLYN, 15th.
DEAR FRANK—I have been a very sick girl, but you are not to blame in the least. I brought on my trouble myself, and God will see me through. You have been a good friend to me. With best love from
KITTY A. CODY.

The envelope was addressed to F. P. Dudgeon, Locust Valley, L. I. As young Dudgeon, according to the story told at the Harriman flat, was present during the latter part of the girl's fatal illness, and up to the time of her death, the reason why the dying woman should have penned the above exculpatory lines does not seem very clear, nor for that matter why, even if she had written them, she should have addressed the letter to Locust Valley.

I paid a visit yesterday to Mrs. Harriman's flat, but Mrs. Harriman had nothing to say about the girl's death. I was informed that Dudgeon was not in the house at the time I called. The neighbors tell me that Mrs. Harriman has occupied the flat for several months, and that she has several girls boarding with her.

When Capt. Kenny, of the Tenth precinct, learned of the case he put Detectives Curran and Reynolds on it. They called at No. 124 Flatbush avenue, but learned very little. While they were there a sister of the dead girl arrived on a train from Locust Valley. The detectives asked her to accompany them to the station house to tell what she knew of the case, but Mrs. Harriman interposed objections and their request was not repeated. It is reported that Dudgeon's folks are well known and wealthy residents of Glen Cove, and that his

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father is a manufacturer of hydrostatic jacks in New York.

Late yesterday afternoon Dudgeon, who weighs about 200 hundred pounds and has a sandy mustache and florid complexion, called upon Capt. Kenny in the station house and talked about the dead girl with tears rolling down his cheeks.

He said that their intimacy began about two months ago.

"I often asked her to marry me," he said, "but she kept postponing it. Last Friday I was summoned to her bedside by news of her dangerous condition. From that time until her death I never went to bed, but kept by her side.

"It was a dreadful thing for her to do, and I can assure you I had nothing to do with her death. She was

copies of them, are shown newspaper men without hesitation, but the signatures are withheld. Mr. Babcock generously says: "Many of these letter-writers are foolish women whom I do not wish to damage by publishing their folly." This much can be said, and it may have the result of lessening the bulk of the bachelor's mail. He is not under the necessity of going outside of Ann Arbor or Detroit—certainly not outside of Michigan—for a wife, and is not at all likely to accept the proposal of any one of the thousands who have written him from Maine to Mexico. That he intends to comply with the provisions of the will there is no doubt, and he will soon begin the erection of a handsome residence near the Ann Arbor University. Here are copies and extracts of some of the letters.

WARREN, Mass., Jan. 9, 1899.



"HE WENT DOWN UPON HIS KNEES AT HER BEDSIDE."

a good girl. When I came to her she told me what she had done and I was horrified."

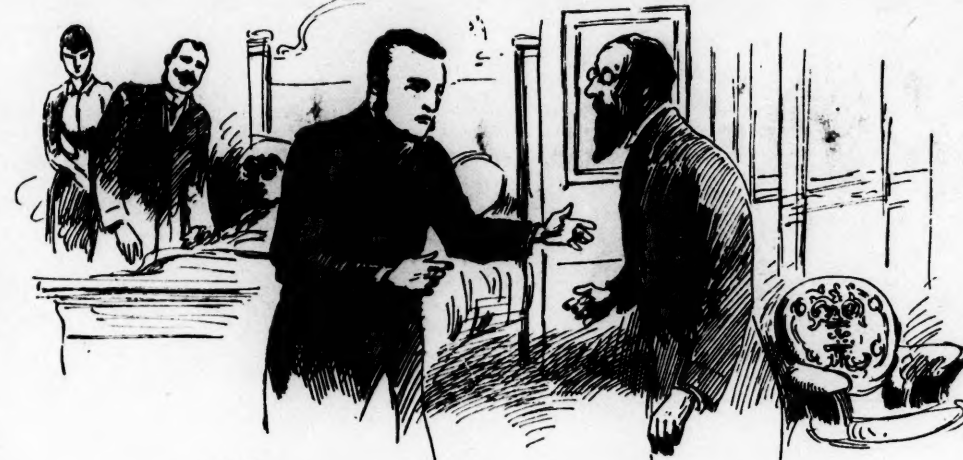
Dudgeon is a widower with two children. A sister of the deceased told Captain Kenny that the dead girl was alone responsible for what had happened.

James L. Babcock, of Ann Arbor, Mich., a bachelor, according to the will of an eccentric uncle, must marry within five years or forfeit \$500,000 of the aforesaid uncle's estate. In consequence of this condition of affairs Mr. Babcock is on the anxious seat, and so are thousands of pretty maidens in all parts of the country, who have announced themselves as willing to join hands with Mr. Babcock for better or for worse under sight and underseen as it were. It is not necessary to tell these impulsive girls that he is anything but an Adonis.

Mr. BABCOCK—Here is one more letter from the Massachusetts surplus. If you are not too bitter a pill to take, I will help protect you from the many lambs anxious to be taken into the fold. Understand, I do this from a sense of duty and not from greed. X. X.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 8.
In order to regain my class ring, which was offered in a game of "forfeits," I have to pay the penalty, which was to write and offer myself to J. L. Babcock, who is looking for a wife. So then, to begin with, I am small, quite ugly, red-headed, have a bad temper, am lazy and saucy, well educated, an excellent musician, pretty good housewife, with a sharp eye—color green or grey—for business, 18 years 4 months 4 days old. My mother is dead, and my father is very cross and will not let me go out, so I have to stay at home like a great baby. X. X.

The foregoing are fair samples of scores of letters whose writers are actuated evidently by a spirit of fun. But most of the epistles are very serious and the



DR. KENDIG HESITATES ABOUT PERFORMING THE CEREMONY.

But the girls are after him in and out of season. By their own declaration, over 1,000 fair ones stand ready to accept Babcock and his boodle. They reside all over the United States. There are school teachers and variety actresses among them; widowed washerwomen and genteel girls; ladies who have passed the age which is attractive, and tender buds whose mothers evidently do not know what their offspring are about.

Most of them are perfectly honest. They admit that they don't care two cents for Babcock, don't want to live with him as his wife, have no use for anything but his money, and will cheerfully agree to any terms he has to propose. Some offer to take as low as \$5,000 to marry him, thus aiding him to fulfill the terms of the will, and then to leave him forever, while others think

writers apparently dead in earnest.

This one is all the way from San Francisco: "I am the oldest of four children. If you have made your choice perhaps you know of some other gentleman friend who wants a wife."

From Crystal Springs, Mass., comes this one: "I have heard a great deal about you, and to say I am pleased with you does not express my feelings. What is the shape of your head? your complexion? Oh, Mr. Babcock, do you chew tobacco? I know I am all your heart could wish. I have a rich cream complexion that would charm the soul and paralyze the intellect. What is your ideal woman? I would practice until I reached perfection!"

A Detroit young lady writes: "Mr. Babcock, I hope you will place me on the list of fair suitors for your hand. * * * I can paint, play the piano and guitar nicely and am proficient in the arts of housekeeping."



CAPTAIN KENNY'S STORY.

\$50,000 would be about right for the sacrifice they propose to make. Every mail brings fresh proposals. They are arriving at the rate of 200 a week, and threaten to increase to 500. Mr. Babcock has employed two private secretaries and a shorthand writer to enable him to answer his fair correspondents, which he does with conscientiousness which would make a popular congressman weary.

Every proposal is also regarded as sacred so far as the name of the writer is concerned. The letters, or

Here is one all business from New York city:

"The writer of this is a young business lady who has been accustomed to the best society. Hope you will give the undersigned a chance in the great lottery of love."

There is an occasional indignant protest received

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from some fair correspondent who is shocked at the foolishness of her sex in offering themselves as a sacrifice on the matrimonial altar. A lady said to occupy a prominent position in Indianapolis society is the author of the following:

"I am really very much ashamed of my sex to think our American women would propose marriage to a gentleman for his wealth. I presume they will love your pocketbook and respect you."

Another writes from Galena, Ill., under date of Jan. 13, as follows:

"Allow me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy for the persecution which you are subjected to by my sex. I should advise you if you do not wish to become a benedict to divide the spoils among the fair applicants."

HIS PULPIT FUSILLADED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Evangelist Houston recently had a rough experience at East Norwalk, Conn., where he has been holding forth. According to a newspaper account the people there became suspicious that he was a fraud. Matters came to a focus a few nights ago when Houston took his place in the pulpit and commenced his sermon. He had barely begun when there was a perfect fusillade of stones, billets of wood, pieces of turf, old bottles, shoes, rubbers and old boots. They were pelted at him from every quarter, and he found safety by hiding under the pulpit, where for the time being he was out of range.

Finally, however, he mustered up all the courage of which he was possessed, and shouted to a number of his cronies and followers to aid in holding the fort, as the White Caps were upon them. Then he rushed for a window in order to escape, but the mob outside had all the points of escape well guarded, and he was quickly seized. Then the now thoroughly secured gospel dispenser was lifted bodily over the heads of a howling, hooting mob, and after a thorough drubbing was fired through the open doorway.

THOSE TELL-TALE STOCKINGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"You dare not deny that you are living with that woman!"

"Why, you are now wearing her stockings!"

This was shrieked out a few days ago in a Cincinnati, Ohio, police station, by an irate woman, and was directed toward a bareheaded young man who was trembling in a chair.

The wild-eyed woman waved her arms frantically, and then made a dive for the young man's legs. He struggled desperately, but she triumphantly pulled up his trousers leg, and, with a cry of "There!" displayed his thin calf encased in a striped stocking that certainly would be tabooed by the rest of the male sex. Overjoyed by the success of this demonstration she held the trousers leg firmly in one hand, and in a high voice called upon Colonel Hazen and a number of detectives:

"Gentlemen, isn't that a woman's stocking?" "Yes, ma'am," was the unanimous answer of the laughing officers. This seemed to satisfy the woman, who dropped the imprisoned limb and proceeded to further chastize him with her sharp tongue.

JACK MAULIFFE.

[WITH FULL-PAGE PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a page of Jack Mauliffe, the light-weight fistic champion who holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the light-weight championship of the world. Mauliffe was born in Cork, Ireland, March 21, 1866, and came to this country in 1871. He made his debut in the magic circle in this city August 3, 1884, and on August 29, 1884, he won the amateur championship. Shortly after he joined the professional arena, and since that time he has faced all comers from both hemispheres and has never met with defeat. He was recently given the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is the light-weight champion's emblem, and next month he will meet Billy Myers to contend for the trophy and \$5,000. What the "Referee" thinks of Mauliffe as a pugilist will be found on the 11th page of this issue.

JOSIE WILLIAMS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Josie Williams, whose well-developed form graces one of our pages this week, was born in Dublin. She first appeared with Kiraity in "Excelsior" at Niblo's, repeated her success as a graceful dancer in "Sieba" at the Star, figured prominently in the typographical cohorts of the German Opera at the Metropolitan, New York, and was favorably remarked in the "Arabian Nights" and "Twelve Temptations" Companies.

THE LUCKY ONES.

Lifted From a Life of Labor to Comparative Opulence.

Fortune has not only smiled upon A. W. Adams, of this city, but her face has taken on a broad grin. This facial expansion is justifiable, and the dear creature could even be forgiven for bursting out into loud and uproarious shouts of joyous laughter, for Mr. Adams yesterday received \$15,000, all in shining gold pieces, for the paltry investment of \$1 in the November drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery.

Mr. Adams is a carpenter by occupation, and resides at 915 Guerrero street.

"It's a great stroke of luck," he said to a Call reporter. "When I bought the ticket I had but the faintest, dreamiest, far-away idea that such fortune would be mine."

"I have been a hard-working man all my life, never hoping for more than the common comforts that attend industry and frugality, and it was left for The Louisiana State Lottery to raise me in one day from the necessity of labor to moderate opulence. What I thought was a dollar wasted proved to be a great speculation."

Mr. Adams is not yet 50 years old, and being in robust health will be able to spend many years in the quiet enjoyment of his sunn little fortune. He is intellectually capable of appreciating the many pleasing features of life, and after satiating his fancy for travel will still have a sufficient competency to make the evening of his life pleasant.

There is a rumor whispered about, only in the strictest confidence, that Cupid will cut a figure in this turn in Mr. Adams' fortune, and that in winning the prize in the Louisiana State Lottery he gained confidence in his speculative sagacity and will soon take a coupon in the matrimonial market.

Mr. Adams does not deny this soft impeachment, but merely says: "I wonder how they found it out?"

The wife of Max J. Franklin, of the firm of Green-zweig & Co., jewelers, is the lucky winner of \$5,000 in the same drawing which enriched Adams.—San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Dec. 2.

DOG FIGHTING.

Some Points on the Management of Canines in the Pit.

HOW MATCHES ARE ARRANGED

Rules Governing All Contests of This Kind.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Dog fighting, both in this country and England, is an illegal sport that thousands in all parts of the United States and Canada are at the present time greatly interested in. Dog



A GENUINE FIGHTER.

fighting dates back centuries in this country. It became a popular and a national institution in 1816, and so continued up to 1860, when a crusade was made against the practice, and the authorities made strenuous efforts to stop the alleged sport. A well-bred fighting dog is always considered a valuable thing as a breed winner to those who engage in the business, and fighting dogs have, like pugilists, been imported from England to contend in the pit for big stakes against American-bred dogs, but in the majority of cases the English-bred dogs have proved inferior to those bred in this country.

Dog fighting is not limited to any city or state, but in all parts of the country dogs are bred, matched, trained and fought, and nearly every State has its own rules for deciding battles in the pit, and hundreds of dollars are wagered on the result of the desperate and sanguine encounters that take place therein.



ADMINISTERING A BOLUS TO PHYSIC THE CANINE.

One of the famous "dog" fighters who flourished in the Sixties was Kit Burns, who kept the Bandbox in Water street, near Dover street, New York. He was one of the most noted of dog fanciers, and his resort was a rendezvous until the police broke up the resort.

The sporting world has been interested in dog fighting in the United States since 1817, and if all the great canine battles were recorded they would fill a large-size volume.

Some of the most noted men in America have been more or less interested in this sport.

Tom Hyer, the first champion pugilist of America, was a great admirer of a first-class bulldog. Yankee (James) Sullivan once



SWEATING A DOG.

owned the old dog Crib; Jim Burns, the pugilist, owned Rosa and Crib, both famous dogs, that won numerous battles in the pit. Jake Roome, a noted politician and sporting man, also owned several noted fighting dogs.

Harry Jennings, perhaps the oldest dog fighter in America, has owned and fought several famous dogs.

During the past ten years the owners of fighting dogs have had to arrange their matches privately, owing to the Society for

the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose vigilant officers continually keep under surveillance and prosecute all those who engage in matching and fighting dogs. Nevertheless a great match is made nearly every week in some section of the country. Among the noted fighting dogs that have gained fame in the pit during the past fifteen years may be mentioned Kate, owned by Tom Draper, a New York sporting man; Brandy, owned by James Marshall. Billy McMahon's Prince was also a noted dog. The same may be said of Tom Maguire's Prince.



WEIGHING.

There is not a city in the United States that is not represented by a champion dog. Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston each have a canine that the local sports put great store by. Among the sporting men in St. Louis who are famous dog fanciers are Tom Kelly and Jack Looney. In Baltimore, William Carroll is widely known for the interest he takes in dog fighting; so is Tom Tagman, of Philadelphia, and Chas. Lloyd, better known as "Cockney Charley," of Boston.

Sam Thornton, of Louisville, is the owner of the great fighting dog Boliver. Moreover, Louis Kreiger, of Cincinnati, O.; Chas. Herbert, of Chicago; Sam Lyons, of New York; Frank Stevenson, Billy Bennett, Patrick Ray, Taff Jones, James Marshall, Simon Flaherty, George Saville, John Cass, John Lillie and Los Cardis are prominent patrons of the sport and take great interest in all matches of importance.

Dog fights are arranged in the following way. A thinker has a canine that can whip any dog in creation at a stipulated

expiration of five minutes and washed in the same water, each handler to produce two clean towels, which shall be exchanged by each party.

RULE 12—If both parties cannot agree on place of fighting, then the stakeholder shall name the place.

RULE 13—Should the authorities interfere, or prevent or stop a battle, the referee, if he be appointed, or else the stakeholder, shall have full power to name the next time and place of fighting.

RULE 14—On the referee ordering the dog's men to make ready, the handlers must hold their opponent's dog and let them loose.

Dog training is an art, and it requires great care to prepare a fighting canine for the pit. Many trainers who undertake to train these animals for a battle in the pit do not know the first rudiments of training, and therefore kill all chances of reducing a dog's weight and bringing him to the scratch in first-class condition.

A man, nearly every trainer believes he knows best in regard to preparing dogs for battle, but the correct way to train and prepare a dog for an encounter in the pit is as follows:

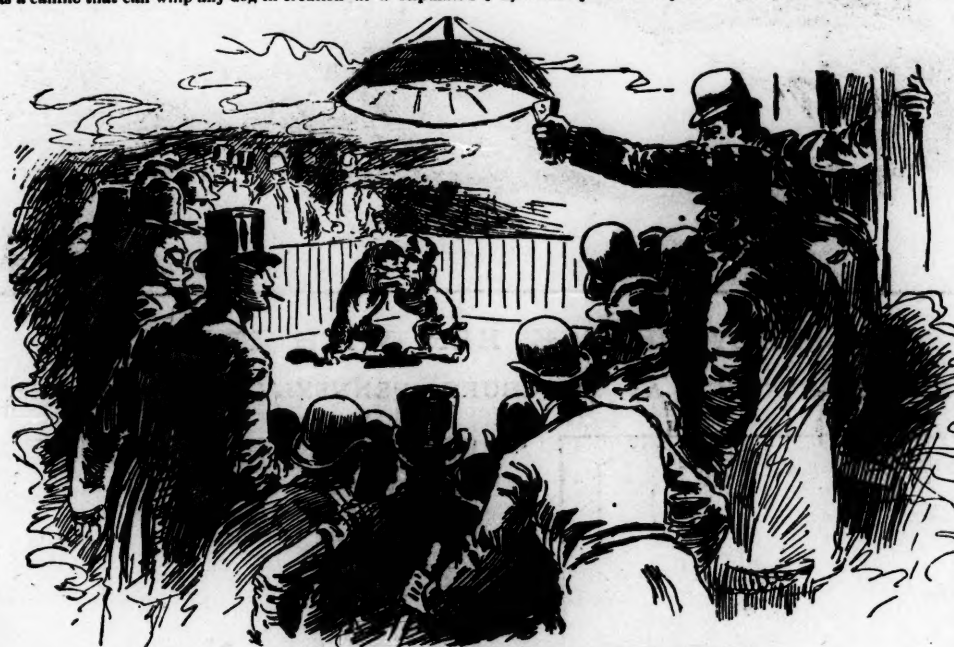
Dog training for fighting consists principally of physicing, walking, sweating, dieting and bag, wheel and treadle exercise. The first thing to be done before a dog has been matched to fight is to find out if he possesses certain qualities, such as cour-



HANDLERS TASTING DOGS.

age, stamina, etc. This is done by putting him at a bigger dog for a "turn" or two, when it will soon be ascertained whether he is a stayer and, to use the vernacular, dead game.

After the dog is thoroughly tried, then he is put in regular training. First, he is physiced by giving him a bolus or a dose of Aveca nut for four or five days. The dog is fed the first day upon one-quarter of a pound of beef, and day by day, as he in-



A FIGHT IN PROGRESS—THE FIRST GRAPPLE.

weight. He issues a challenge to match the dog against any dog living, at a certain weight, according to English, Cincinnati, Albany or Philadelphia rules, for a stipulated amount, the fight to be a fair scratch in turn fight, give or take half a pound.

The offer is accepted by the owner of some choice fighting dog in Louisville, Pittsburgh or some other place, and he offers to meet the challenger's dog and allow expenses. The proposition suits both parties. They meet, and then the match is arranged.

A match is then arranged, and the parties agree to allow their dogs to battle in six or eight weeks from the date of signing articles according to the following rules:

RULE 1—To be a fair scratch in turn fight.



HANDLERS WASHING A DOG BEFORE THE FIGHT.

RULE 2—Both dogs to be tasted before and after fighting, if required.

RULE 3—Both dogs to be shown fair to the scratch. Both dogs to be shown head and shoulders between each second's legs.

RULE 4—Both seconds to deliver their dogs fair from between their legs, from beginning of fight to the ending, and not to leave their corners until the dogs are fighting.

RULE 5—A timekeeper to be chosen in the pit; half minute time to be allowed between every fair go away; twenty-five seconds for sponging; and at the expiration of that time the timekeeper shall call, make ready; and as soon as the half minute be expired the dogs to be delivered, and the dog refusing or stopping on the way to be the loser.

RULE 6—Should either second pick his dog up by mistake, he shall put it down immediately, by order of the referee, or the money be forfeited.

RULE 7—Should anything pernicious be found on either dog, before or after fighting in the pit, the backers of the dog so found to forfeit; and the person or persons holding the battle money to give it up immediately when called upon to do so.

RULE 8—Either dog exceeding the stipulated weight on the day of weighing to forfeit the money deposited, and the dogs to be weighed at the place of fighting.

RULE 9—Should any police interference or any disturbance in any way, the referee shall name the next place and day by day until the fight be at an end.

RULE 10—Both dogs to be washed in their own corners in warm water, with soap, soda, and, if required, rinsed off with luke-warm water.

RULE 11—The loss for washing: Whichever may lose shall bring in the dog and wash him, and after being pronounced clean and dried, then the other dog shall be brought in at the

crease his strength, the allowance of beef is increased an ounce or two. Sometimes trainers feed dogs that are going to fight for ten days on soaked bread, bran and soup. Then beefsteak, dry toast, chops, wheat cakes and calves' foot jelly. In order to develop the dog's muscles and make him quick and active, and also have good wind, the following plan is good: For the development of his muscles he is walked every day about three miles

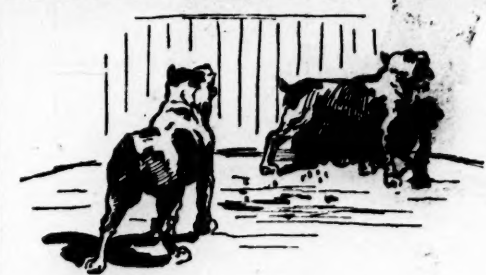


THE LET GO.

or so. He is strengthened by the tramp, and not fatigued. To make him agile he is given the bag exercise every day. It is very amusing. A cat is placed in a bag and suspended about 18 inches from the ground. The dog is muzzled, so as not to do the cat any harm. The bag is started to swing to and fro, and the cat begins to mew, which attracts the attention of the dog, and he springs at the bag. Striking it with his front feet, he pushes it from him, which excites his anger, etc.

The dog, after he has commenced training, is closely muzzled and blanketed, and he is daily made to walk from 2 to 20 miles besides his inside work.

wagers, but are urged to an exhilarating set-to at so much a head admission. On these occasions the bear is "baited" in the old English style. The dogs attack him singly in turn, and the one who succeeds in holding his nose the longest to the



A TURN.

floor is considered the victor. The bear, being chained, fights to great disadvantage. Skillful dogs will sometimes creep between his forelegs, drag down his snout and cause him to turn a complete somersault. In this condition, held by the chain, he is powerless.

The baboon is always pitted against an inferior dog, and is furnished with a club. With this, and an insertion of the teeth in the back of his antagonist's neck, he makes a tolerably lusty fight. No animal of the monkey tribe, however, excluding the gorilla, is a match for a good fighting dog. He has not the same

Indoors a dog is harnessed to a wheel, which is made to revolve, and this exercise is like putting a dog on a tread-mill, as it strengthens the muscles of his legs, and by this preparation daily he is soon ready to engage in battle.

THE DOG PIT.

A dog pit is used both for dog fights and rat killing. It is about 16 feet long by 10 wide, and has a bottom and sides of boards. It is situated usually in the rear of a drinking saloon, and has ascending seats of rough planks around it. A visit in



THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

the daytime will reveal a number of chained dogs, scarred by many battles, and a mangy smell of unexampled severity. With this effluvia is mingled in one locality the flavor of a bear and a baboon, who are sometimes introduced on the "benefit nights" of the owner, when dogs are matched for strength of jaw, and his hands are but a slight counterbalance to the teeth of his adversary.

Dimensions of circular pit—Twenty-four feet round, eight feet in diameter, thirty inches high, when the boards are straight.

Dimensions of square pit—Eight feet square, thirty-six inches high, with a border of three and one-half inches wide, of Virginia pine; the boards grooved.

It is one of the unfair practices of the handlers of dogs when they are matched to fight, to rub pernicious drugs over them, so that when a dog bites the drug poisons his mouth and then he



SCRATCHING TO A DEAD DOG.

will either refuse or be unable to bite or fight any longer. In order to prevent this unfair practice, it is always the custom, prior to a battle, for the dogs to be washed in a strong solution of potash and water. A large tub is placed in the pit and the handler of one dog washes the dog belonging to his opponent, and then in turn the other dog is washed by the other handler. Dog washing is a very monotonous and tedious process. The dog is roughly handled and rubbed from fifteen to twenty minutes.

After the handlers have each washed their opponent's dogs, the referee can insist on each handler tasting his own dog.

If the handler refuses to taste his own dog when the referee orders him to do so, his failure to carry out the rule will make him lose the battle.

If any poisonous liquor or drug has been placed on the dog or dropped into the pit, the handler will not taste his dog after he has been washed; but if there has not been any poison or drug put on the dog the handler will taste the dog, when ordered to do so, readily.



THE WINNER.

A referee in a canine controversy is an unthankful position, and it requires a man to be possessed of great determination and sound judgment to fill the same, for there is always wrangling between the handlers and generally a free fight over disputed questions that arise during the battle.

A dog "handler," "pitter" or "heeler," as they are termed—that is, those who follow the occupation for a living—are shrewd, cunning men, who will never hesitate to carry out any unfair practices in order to make their dog win, even at the risk of the dog's life. In the majority of battles between fighting canines, the best dog seldom wins, unless the handler keeps his eyes open and his wits about him, for the party handling the opposite dog, no matter how closely he is watched, will manage, either by the aid of confederates or by his own machinations, to "rub" his dog during the fight, so that the dog he is fighting against will either refuse to bite or is unable to do so.

Arsenic acid is often used for poisoning dogs. Sometimes the dog is pickled or salted for days previous to the fight. This is very nauseous for dogs to mouth.

Unprincipled trainers or handlers have been known to resort to the vile practice of rubbing chloroform, strychnine and arsenic on the back part of dogs' necks.

In some instances the dog is poisoned before the day named for the fight arrives.

If a dog is poisoned, give teaspoonful of castor oil. After he has vomited well continue to pour olive oil down his throat, and rub his belly.

Dogs generally fight at weight, and the rule is to give or take half a pound. In a match in which one canine weighs 26 pounds and his antagonist 28 pounds the latter would have a decided advantage, and odds would be laid on his winning, for it is conceded by the veterans who have followed up the business of fighting dogs for years that a handicap of one pound difference in the weight of two dogs pitted against each other cannot be allowed, as the dog having the advantage in weight and possessing equal stamina and gameness, will invariably win.

HER SKULL WAS CRUSHED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Eaton, O., is very much excited over the shocking and mysterious murder of Mrs. Caroline Sharkey near that place on Jan. 11. Mrs. Sharkey's dead body was found in her house with the skull crushed, the deed having been committed with a wooden maul which was found near at hand.

You can save money by buying your sporting books and goods through the POLICE GAZETTE Supply and Purchasing Agency, with an order on Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.



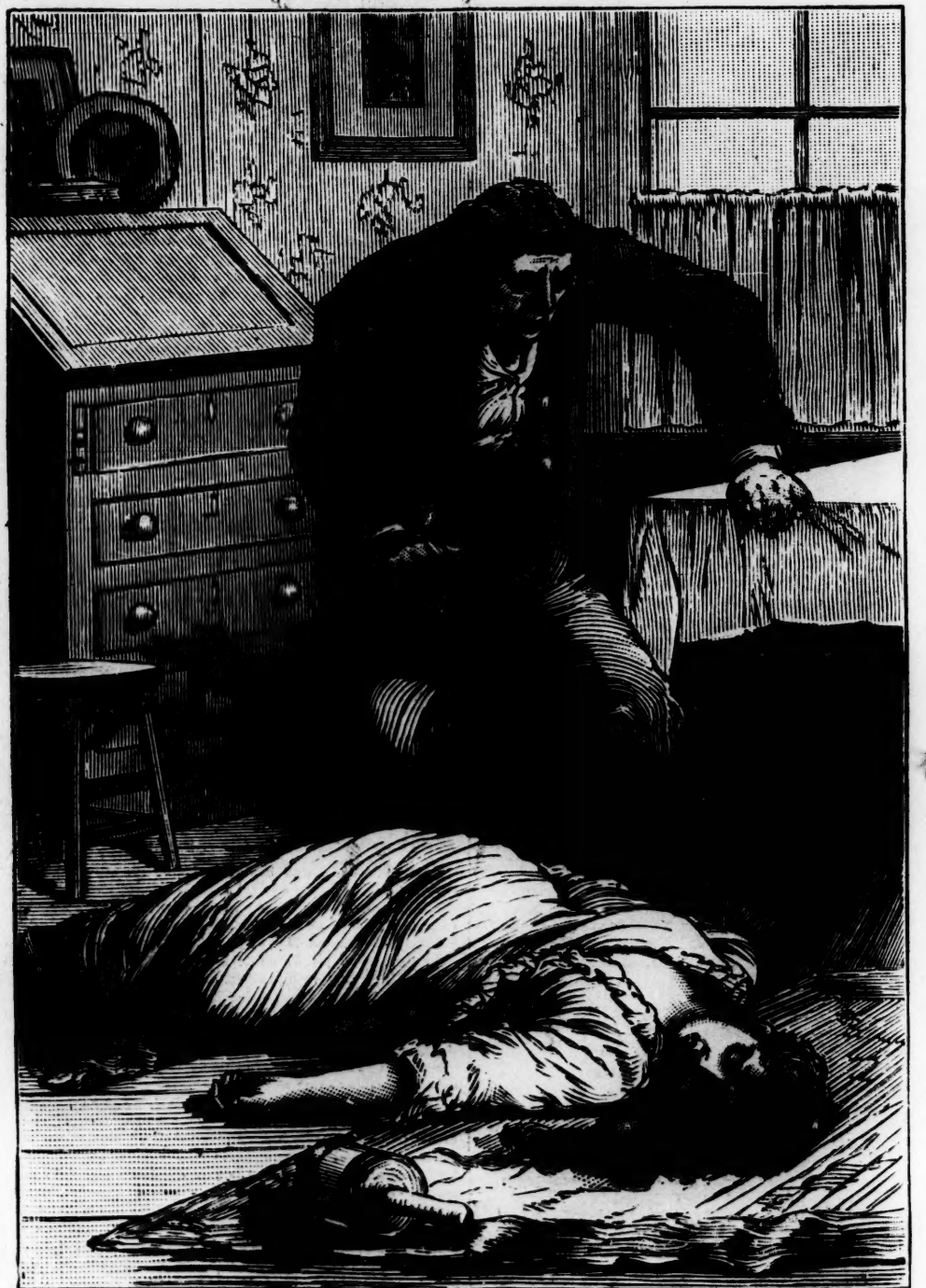
THEY CHARGE HER WITH IT.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF ALBERT DAVIS AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, AND THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.



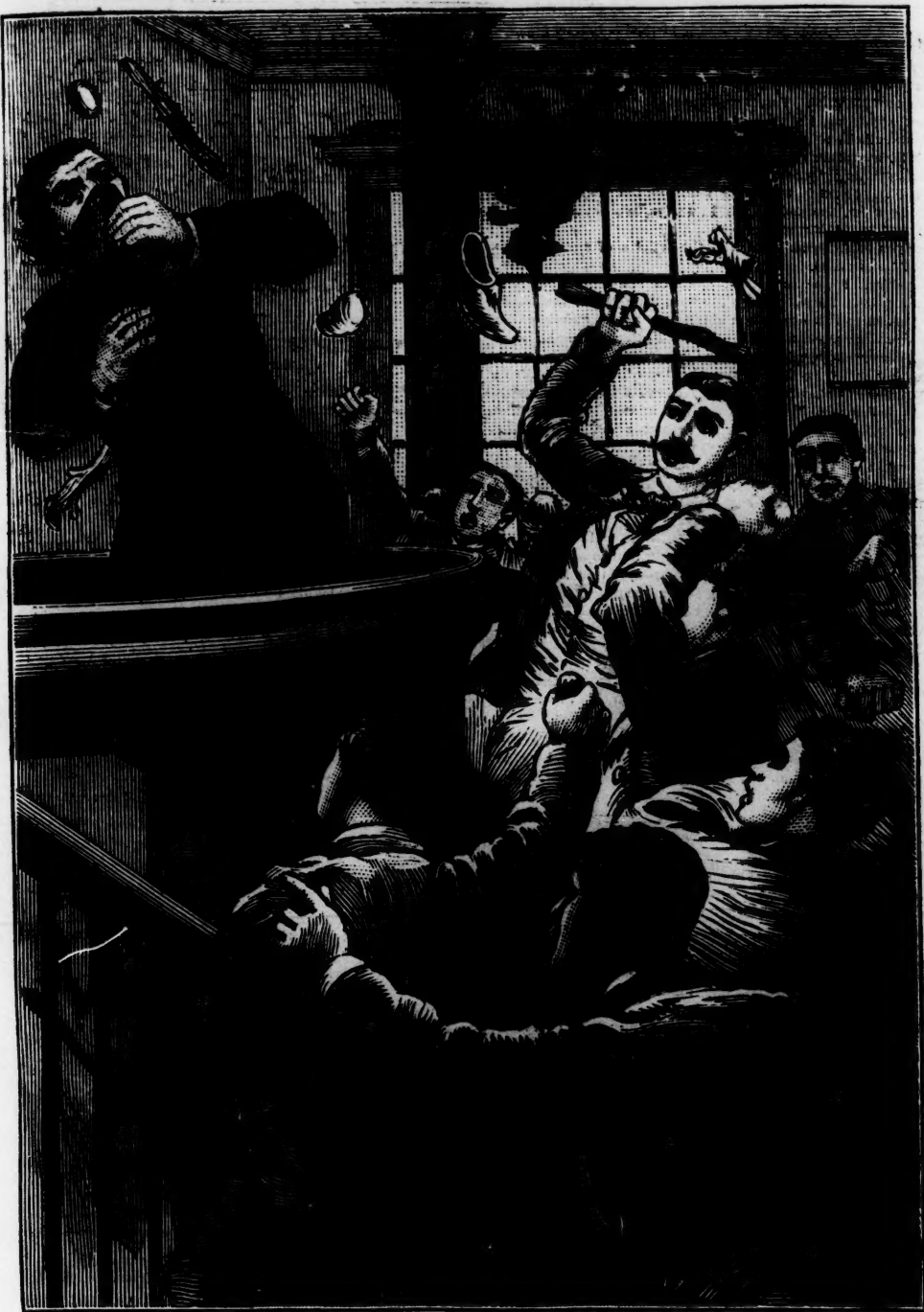
THOSE TELL-TALE STOCKINGS.

PRETTY MRS. BOWMAN'S ACCUSATION OF INFIDELITY AGAINST HER HUSBAND RAISES A SENSATION IN A CINCINNATI, O., POLICE STATION.



HER SKULL WAS CRUSHED.

THE SHOCKING MURDER OF MRS. CAROLINE SHARKEY, WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND IN A POOL OF BLOOD AT EATON, OHIO.



HIS PULPIT FUSILLADED.

THE LIVELY FRACAS THAT IS ALLEGED TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT AN EAST NORWALK, CONN., CHURCH GATHERING.



GUILTY OF ILLICIT LOVE.

WHAT INFLUENCED THE JURORS TO RENDER A VERDICT AGAINST MRS. MADDOX IN A CHURCH TRIAL NEAR TUSCOLA, ILL.



THEY WERE HAVING A FINE RACKET.

POLICE RAID ON A FEMALE GAMBLING DEN AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND CAPTURE OF THE FAIR PROPRIETRESS

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Chat About the Men
Who Are to Battle
For It.

JOHN L.'S MOVEMENTS.

Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, now matched to meet John L. Sullivan for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world, concluded his boxing tour with Charley Mitchell, under the management of Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, on January 12.

On January 13 they reached this city, and a large crowd congregated at the Grand Central Depot, it having been announced that the champion would arrive about dusk. The crowd followed the distinguished boxers for a considerable distance, and Kilrain was the central figure of attraction.



KILRAIN WELCOMED BACK TO NEW YORK AFTER FINISHING HIS TOUR WITH MITCHELL.

In regard to the pugilists, the New York World, Jan. 16, says: Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell yesterday journeyed down to Franklin Square to see Mr. Richard K. Fox. Kilrain, with his usual modesty and gentility, had very little to make known to the reporters, but "Charley," like the double-bass player in a band of street musicians, made a lot of noise. Kilrain was cast down by the news that his mother was dangerously ill at her home near Cambridge, Mass., while Mitchell was happy and loquacious because he knew that to-morrow he will sail for England on the steamer Britannic with some good American dollars in his pocket.

To Kilrain, who is a most gentlemanly fellow, a World reporter first paid attention. Jake, in an honest and clever way, said:



REPORTERS INTERVIEWING KILRAIN AT THE POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

"All I ask is a chance to fight Sullivan. I believe I can whip him and I will try my best to do so. My money, or at least as much of it as he wanted, is up, and when the time comes the rest will be produced. Yes, I think Sullivan intends to fight. His money is up, but I do believe that I will whip him. However, I do not care to talk fight-to-day for my mother is very sick, and I cannot think seriously on ring matters. I will go at once to Baltimore, get my wife and take her on to Boston to nurse my mother. Am I satisfied with the articles of agreement? Well, yes and no. In the first place, as they are signed, I am forced to abide by them, and secondly, I must be if my backer is. Then, again, I do not think I have any the worst of the match, although I might have secured better terms."



KILRAIN READING DISPATCHES INFORMING HIM OF HIS MOTHER'S ILLNESS.

Kilrain, on reaching this office, was apprised that his mother was dying, and he left for Baltimore to see his wife, and also secured the next train for Boston during the round trip without much delay.

Kilrain appeared to be enjoying the best of health. He did not boast or display any bravado, but he was pleased to find that

satisfactory arrangements had been made to bring about a meeting between Sullivan and himself. He said: "New Orleans is a very warm climate in the dog days, but I would sooner meet Sullivan in the vicinity of that city than any other place, and if



ADMIRING SULLIVAN'S PICTURE AT THE BOSTON "GLOBE" OFFICE.

It is too hot for me there, it will also be for Sullivan. I formerly lived in the South, for Baltimore is in one of the Southern States, and Southern people, from what experience I have had with them, are the most generous in the world, and I am satisfied by what I read of Sullivan and Ryan's battle in Mississippi that the people down there will see that fair play rules when Sullivan meets me in the ring. I want no favors, and do not expect any. I am going to train hard, and if I am not able to defeat Sullivan, then he must have the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship. I shall not leave any stone unturned in training, and if Sullivan is able to battle in his best form—and I trust he will come to the scratch in good condition, and that the best man will win—I shall try hard to do so, and if I am beaten there will be no excuse."

John L. Sullivan has returned from Toronto, where, on Jan. 7, he signed articles binding a match with Jake Kilrain for \$20,000 and the championship of the world.

In an interview he said: "I shall not begin active training until the middle of May. I don't believe in long training; it is likely to make a man grow stale. I shall take plenty of exercise,



JOHN L. ENTERTAINING A CROWD OF SPORTS AT THE PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON.

walking about the suburbs daily, and when I complete my arrangements shall start off on the road."

When asked if he had selected a trainer, the champion reflected for a moment and said:

"Well, no. You see I am going to fight for Charlie Johnson's money, so I will let him attend to that part of the business. No doubt Johnson will secure the services of a competent man. I like the climate of the South and will make my training quarters somewhere near New Orleans. The climate down there agrees with me, and then, too, there's a scrap of history connected with the place," and the big fellow smiled knowingly.

"Many people, John," said the writer, "think you would be greatly benefited by having a man like Jack Dempsey behind you. What is your opinion?"

"Springing a thing on a fellow like that," said John, "doesn't give him time to form an opinion. However, Dempsey is a brainy fellow and a good general, but there are other trainers and handlers equally as well informed on the tactics of the ring."



KILRAIN AND HIS CHILDREN.

But, as I said before, I shall not bother my head about that part of the arrangements."

"What have you to say about the offer made by the four gentlemen of El Paso, Tex. Ten thousand is a pretty high figure, is it not?"

"Certainly, but I wouldn't think of that offer for a moment. If it is worth \$10,000 now, it will be worth \$20,000 six months from now. There should be more money than that offered near New Orleans. What a chance for some one of the railway companies down that way to make a big haul! When I fought Ryan the railway fare went up like a thermometer on a red-hot summer day, and the coaches were crowded chuck full. Experience has taught me a good lesson, and when I meet Kilrain I don't intend that some outsider shall take in the benefits of the mill."

Until within a few days Sullivan's leg troubled him greatly. It will be remembered that for many weeks after arising from his bed of sickness he was compelled to use crutches. Finally, however, he threw them aside, and the only reminder of the fever which nearly caused the throwing up of the sponge by Sullivan in favor of the proverbial reaper was a weakness in his left leg. This has been disappearing gradually, and yesterday,

By forwarding an order and the cash to the POLICE GAZETTE Supply and Purchasing Agency, Franklin Square, New York, you may obtain any of all sporting goods or books you may require promptly sent to your address.

when John kicked the crown out of his friend's hat, he also, bid adieu to the troublesome pain in his leg.

"My arm," recommenced John, "is also as strong as ever. You know I broke it on Cardiff's hard head, and hurt it again when I met Mitchell. Yes, it was the right. That now appears to be all right, and I apprehend no further trouble from it. Of course it is liable to accident in battle, but otherwise I wouldn't give it for any other right arm in the world. I shall be more careful in timing my round arm blows in the future; but then a man is likely to catch the other fellow on the back of the head with his wrist, instead of the knuckles, in a hot fight; that's how I first hurt it."

"Are you perfectly satisfied with the articles of agreement as signed?" was asked.

"Certainly. I have no reason, nor has the Kilrain party, to find fault with them. When the final stakeholder is selected both parties to the agreement will turn the money over to him and sign an agreement that it will be paid to the winning man at the ring side."

Toucheing on the question of the selection of a referee, Sullivan said that the evils likely to grow out of the selection of a man months before the fight were enough to condemn it. "The proper thing to do," said John, "is to select a man at the ring side. By so doing there is no chance for speculators on the battle to corrupt him. There are always good, honest men to be had at such times, and the crowd generally recognizes this fact and cry out for some one well known to act. Such was the case when I met Ryan, and there was no wrangle or delay."

Sullivan feels sure that the fight with Kilrain will take place as arranged. He will start out on a sparring tour in a few weeks, and feels sure that he can convince the people that he has regained his old-time form. On July 5 next, barring accident, he will be in prime condition for his battle with Jake Kilrain for the championship and the largest stake ever fought for in a 24-foot ring.

John Ball knocked out Ernest Schultz, of the Varuna Boat Club, in a fistie encounter at Flushing, L. I., on Jan. 20. Six rounds were fought.

Dan J. Herby won the six-day race, 12 hours a day, which ended at Schenectady, N. Y., on Jan. 19. He covered 226½ miles. Norman Taylor was second and Peter Hegleman third.

James Keenan, of Boston, the leading sporting man of New England, who has figured prominently as the backer of athletes, carmen and pugilists, has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

At Cincinnati, O., on Jan. 17, there was a mill between the featherweights, Mike Collins, of Cincinnati, and Tommy Burke, of Minneapolis, which resulted in favor of Burke in the fourteenth round on a foul.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, now living in Butte City, M. T., challenges any man on the Pacific Coast from 125 to 140 pounds for \$1,000 a side. He will fight Tom Barry at 140 for from one dollar up or for fun. Lynn means business.

A correspondent writes that \$12,000 changed hands on the result of the Jackson and McAniff fight at San Francisco, and \$27,000 changed hands on the battle in San Francisco. If this be true, what a fortune will depend on Kilrain's battle with Sullivan.

Peter Boland, the Australian slasher, who is to visit this country under the management of H. K. Abbey, of the South Australian Club of Melbourne, is said to be a wonder. He recently defeated Pat Carroll easily, and Jack Burke stood no chance with him.

At Flushing, L. I., on Jan. 20, Sam Swing and Eddy Abrams, pugilists unknown to fame, fought according to London rules. Only 2 rounds were fought, when Abrams, who was beaten, claimed a foul, and on the referee refusing to award the claim, gave up the contest.

At Hurley, Wis., Jan. 20, there was a slashing mill between Joe Sheehy, of East Saginaw, Mich., and Pat Harrington, of Duluth, Minn., both weighing in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. Eleven bloody rounds were fought. Harrington gained first blood in the second round and Sheehy the first knock-down in the third, and by a swinging right-hander knocked Harrington out in the eleventh round. Both men were punished terribly.

At Phil Bugbee's sporting house, San Bernardino, Cal., on Jan. 4, there was a slashing glove fight between Andy Hogan and Tom Prendeville, the former weighing 170 pounds and the latter 165 pounds. Both men being well trained made a good, hard fight, being evenly matched, till the fourth and last round, when Prendeville completely knocked out his man. The purse subscribed was \$300, winner take all. Much money changed hands, and many were surprised.

Sailor Brown must be a poor representative of a pugilist. At the California Athletic Club, on Jan. 14, he made a miserable set-to with Frank Allen. On Jan. 15, at Jack Hallahan's theatre, he met Paddy Gorman. Brown fainted often enough and gave fancy backhand blows until Gorman let out on him and sent him to his corner at the end of four rounds with a blackened and cut right eye, a defeated man. Judges of boxing in San Francisco have got his measure and claim he don't amount to much.

A tremendous crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on January 15, to witness Mike Cushing, of Brooklyn, and Harry Bartlett, of Somers Town, London, Eng., arrange a match for \$1,000. Both principals and their backers, E. H. Garrison and B. Maguire, were present, and no time was lost in arranging the preliminaries. Bartlett was eager to meet Cushing with gloves, at 125 pounds, while Cushing refused to arrange a match unless at 125 pounds and the proviso that the weighing should take place 24 hours before entering the ring. Bartlett's backer, who is a thorough sporting man, finally agreed to these terms, and each posted \$250 a side.

According to the protocol, Cushing and Bartlett are to contend with gloves, Richard K. Fox rules, at 125 pounds, weigh 24 hours before entering the ring and give or take a pound. The battle is to be decided on or before Feb. 23, within 200 miles of this city. The final deposit is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office Feb. 20, and William E. Harding is to act as referee or appoint one. Only fifteen persons are to be allowed on each side, and the final stakeholder is to appoint the place of meeting. Both pugilists are well known, and Bartlett recently defeated Jack Farrell in three rounds, while Cushing, who is backed by Garrison, the famous jockey, has won dozens of battles in the fistie arena.

The annual games of the American Athletic Union, which embraces clubs in all parts of the United States, were held at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 19, and over 12,000 spectators were present.

The event of the day was the remarkable performance of Geo. B. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, in putting the 24-pound shot a distance of 33 feet 3 inches, and thus beating the world's record.

The 1-mile bicycle race was won by W. Glass with 140 yards. J. Frank Borland second, in 7 minutes 31 seconds.

One 1-mile walk was won by J. C. Forbes, of the Pastime Athletic Club, with F. Brown, of the same club, second, in 7 minutes 56 1-5 seconds.

The one-mile run had 81 entries. The final heat went to W. D. Day, N. J. A. C. (100 yards), in 4 minutes 37 3-5 seconds; Morris second and Lloyd third.

The running high jump was won by T. G. Shearman of the Yale and New York Athletic clubs. He was handicapped one inch, and cleared the bar at 5 feet 8 inches with handicap added. F. Knish, S. A. C. (8 inches) was second, and R. A. Linden, Y. M. C. A. (8 inches), third. Their performances were 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 1 inch respectively.

M. O'Sullivan, P. A. C., won the 56-pound weight contest with a throw of 37 feet 11½ inches, with handicap allowance of three pounds added. Samuel Tsch, S. I. A. C. (10 feet handicap), was second on a throw of 27 feet 10 inches, and George R. Gray (3 feet) was third, 27 feet 8 inches.

In half mile run 50 entered, and W. C. Dolan, of Princeton, won, with J. W. Rump second, in 2 minutes 35 seconds.

In the 220-yard run M. J. Donovan, of the Pastimes, won the final heat, George F. Delan second, in 24 4-5 seconds. The 440-yard race was won by T. J. Stead, with W. E. Hughes second, in 54 seconds.

The 75-yard handicap had 112 entries, nearly all of which started, and H. Luerson, of the Pastime Athletic Club, with 3 yards' start, won the final heat in 7 4-5 seconds.

FROM ABROAD.

What is Going On in the Sport-
ing World on the Other
Side.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

[GEORGE W. ATKINSON SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]
FLEET STREET, London, January 19, 1889.

Information received from Boston states that Jack Wannon is to challenge Jem Smith to fight for £200 a side and the championship of England on the latter's return to this country next month. Smith is spooling for a match, and unless Wannon or Jackson agrees to meet him he will not have an opportunity to meet anyone, for there is at present a scarcity of heavy-weights in this country.

Peter Jackson's refusal to fight Jem Smith for £1,000 or less has given the followers of the prize ring here a poor opinion of Jackson. He may be like Sullivan—formidable with gloves, but a failure when fighting by the old style.

Donoghue, the American skater, has proved himself a veritable wonder. He has not only succeeded in beating the best men in Holland and Germany, but made the fastest time on record.

It was cabled that John L. Sullivan, while on a spree, wrestled with Jack Wannon and that the latter threw Sullivan, but few believe it here.

Wharton, the fastest sprint runner in England, is ready to run Kittleman 120 yards for £200 a side, and allow him £25 for expenses, to have the race decided in this country.

The great championship match between Kilrain and Sullivan for \$20,000 is still the topic at the clubs, and odds of 2 to 1 already are offered on Kilrain.

Charley Rowell is going into the racehorse business and lately he has made several purchases of famous thoroughbreds.

George Littlewood is still corresponding with Billy O'Brien of your city, but nothing definite has been done about his leaving for America.

The Grand National has 65 entries, as against 45 made for 1887. The Prince of Wales heads the list with Magic and Hattie, the latter a recent purchase. Last year's winner, Playfair, is again nominated, as are the winners for 1887, 1886, 1885 and 1884, viz.: Gamcock, Old Joe, Roquefort and Voluntary, together with such previous favorites as Johnny Longtail, Frigate, Uena, Savoyard, Coronet and Ringlet.

Of the entries for the famous all-aged stakes, those for the Ascot Gold Cup and Alexandria Plate are given. The cup, to be run for June 30, has thirty-four subscribers, of which six are sealed, not to be opened until after the Epsom summer meeting, early in June. Among the entries are the French horse Tenebreuse, who ran third last year and afterward won the Cesarewitch, while among the English "cracks" is the much-expected, of 3-year-old, Chitabob.

At a meeting between Oxford and Cambridge Universities in regard to their annual race, it was mutually agreed to have the race rowed on March 30.

Prof. Harry Lavin, well-known boxer, died on Jan. 16 at Elizabeth, N. J.

Clarence Whistler, the well-known wrestler and swimmer is laid up at Oakland, Cal., with a sprained wrist.

Jake Gaudaur, the carman, who is to compete with William O'Connor in San Francisco Bay, on March 1, for \$2,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, arrived at San Francisco on Jan. 19.

The dog dispute between Jerry and Ben, two 33-pound canines, for \$100, was decided at Laurel Hill, L. I., on Jan. 20. After a desperate battle Jerry at last got a finishing crunch on Ben's neck and won the battle.

A cocking main was fought at Weymouth, Mass., on Jan. 17, between Abington and Rockland. Abington won six out of the eight, including a main of five fights for a purse of \$100. Several hundred dollars changed hands on the result.

Dr. F. W. Carver's big feat at New Haven, Conn., recently, has knocked the wonderful rifle shot out. It is doubtful if he will ever shoot on exhibitions again. The nerves of his right arm and shoulder are shattered, and paralysis may set in at any time.

E. H. Garrison, better known as "The Snapper," called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 12 with a declaration of sporting men. Garrison will ride for the Nursery Stable, owned by August Belmont, this season. It is understood Garrison is to receive \$12,000.

William Muldoon and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion, recently had a row in the Howard Theatre, London, in which go-as-you-please rules governed. Hitting, butting and wrestling were indulged in, and the Japs say he had the advantage when outsiders interfered.

The New York "Graphic" publishes the following: "One of the latest additions to American literature is entitled 'The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain.' As its author, R. K. Fox, has already established a solid reputation as a biographer by his popular work on the early Christian martyrs, we have no hesitation in predicting that his latest effort will be a go."

We have received the following novel challenge, which may be of interest to those in the express business:

PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 17, 1889.

SPORTING EDITOR—Sir: I hereby challenge any man in North America that is an employee of the American Express Co. at a series of rate giving, from \$50 to \$500, at any time or place between Bangor, Me., and New York; the place to be written on back of letter, also weight, and then after that is done, take tariff book and find out correct billing point and rate of rates one hundred; also weight that may be put on letter. Or if anyone thinks he can beat my record let them deposit \$5 and I will put \$50 against it. My record is 1,000 letters in 500 minutes, or two a minute, no weight less than 2 pounds or over 500.

Yours resp., MARCUS H. MAHONEY.

Letters as follows will be forwarded to the following-named parties on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed: The Allen, Edwin Bibby, Harry Bethune, E. J. Baldwin, Frank Beyer, W. H. Casey, Paddy Crowley (wrestler), Francis J. Clark, Arthur Chambers, Jack Connors (wrestler), Sam Day, F. A. Davenport, James H. Eldridge, Charles Folke, Timothy J. Fox (3), Wm. Gore, J. W. Griffin, Tom Haworth (ped), Mike Hook, George Harvey, Fred Harmon, L. A. H. H. man, John James, William Johnston, Louis Katzenmeyer, H. Kittleman, Hugh Leonard, James Leogrul, Thomas Connors, J. A. Lightfoot, George LeBlanche, John McCabe, Wm. Miller, J. H. McCormick, Nebraska heavy weight; Frank Murphy, light-weight pugilist; George D. Noremac, pedestrian, Paddy Norton, Wallace Ross, George M. Ross, weight thrower, Joseph P. Ryan (3), J. A. Reed, Miss D. Rogers, John L. Sullivan, Harry Jack Smith, Matsada Sorakichi (9), Jacob Schaffer, Fred W. Stone, Abe Spitz, C. W. Terwilliger, Frank Van Ness, H. C. Williamson (2), Jack Wannon, Geo. Young, of England; R. Yarwood.

The POLICE GAZETTE catalogue will give you a clear idea of how much you can save by ordering your sporting goods and books from the POLICE GAZETTE Supply and Purchasing Agency, Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

REFEREE.

Masterly Treatment of Sporting Questions and Events of the Time.

FACTS BEYOND DISPUTE.

I expected after Charley Mitchell returned to this country that he would have entered the arena and met Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, in a flat encounter, to settle the mooted question as to whether Mitchell could conquer Dempsey or the latter defeat Mitchell, but although the California Athletic Club offered a large purse for the rivals to meet, and outside parties made strenuous efforts to bring the two together, the proposed meeting is just as far off as it was years ago.

Mitchell sailed from this city on the Britannia for England on Jan. 16, and he said the reason that he did not meet Dempsey was because he did not believe he would receive fair play in this country, and because his hands had been injured; also that he would not be able to engage in either a contest according to London prize ring rules or in a glove fight for some time to come.

It always takes two to make a bargain, and as Dempsey was willing and Mitchell was not willing, the proposed battle between Dempsey and Mitchell will not be consummated. It may be in the future, but it is hard to tell whether it will or not, for Mitchell has plenty of the "root of all evil," and it is doubtful if he will ever battle, unless in a glove contest of 10 rounds, according to Queensberry rules.

By the way, Batt Masterson, the well-known sporting man of Denver, Col., appears to be a great friend of Mitchell. He publishes the following in the Denver Times:

"I desire to enter an emphatic protest against the cowardly and unsportsmanlike treatment shown Mitchell and Kilrain by the American people," said Batt Masterson last evening to a reporter for the TIMES, after reading the Associated Press despatches of the account of the assault made on Mitchell and Kilrain in Cleveland. "I do not care to defend Kilrain, but I do think Mitchell is deserving of better treatment than he has been receiving from the American sporting public," continued Mr. Masterson. "He is, in my opinion, deserving of more consideration from the general sporting public than Sullivan is. He at least did what none of the big American pugilists could ever attempt to do—he fought the great champion and as good as whipped him, and he did not gang him or in any way show that he wanted the best of it, either."

"If Sullivan was not a dirty, cowardly cur, he would protest against the treatment shown Mitchell instead of encouraging it, as he has been doing, and publishing a lot of stuff from every ignoramus who doesn't know what he is talking about. I presume he feels sore because Mitchell spoiled his reputation, but if he was manly and fair-minded he would ask decent treatment for Mitchell for the manner in which Mitchell treated him in their fight at Chantilly. I have repeatedly spoken about American fair play, and have been met with the old, stereotyped and worn-out gag: 'Look at the way they treated Heenan!' Now, all the dirty work done at the Heenan-Sayers fight was done by a gang of American gamblers, who followed Heenan over there, and who are mobbing Mitchell to-day in this country."

"After Sullivan ratified the match with Mitchell, we over here were deluged with cablegrams every morning appraising us of the fact that Sullivan would knock Mitchell out in two or three rounds, and then go over to where Kilrain was and treat him likewise. But the record shows that he was willing to get a draw out of a man forty pounds lighter than himself, and that he went unavailing over to Kilrain and shook hands with him and said: 'Jakoy, I like you.' If that was not the conduct of a whipped man, I don't know what you call it. Sullivan got a four-round contest from Mitchell at Madison Square, thanks to Captain Williams' club. The next time they met Sullivan was too drunk, and the last time they met Sullivan was whipped, and now he is calling the man who whipped him a fakir. Mitchell has as much right to go through this country and make money giving glove exhibitions as Sullivan had to do the same in England."

"Sullivan never had but one finish fight, and that was with a second-class man, and he never knocked out a man who could fight a little bit with the gloves. Mitchell, Burke, Greenfield and Cardiff all staid the prescribed time with him. No, my opinion of American fair play is rather small."

In a letter I received from 'Frisco from Jack Hallahan, he says he won a small fortune on Tommy Warren and Peter Jackson. He believes that the Australian champion is a match for any man living. After the Kilrain and Sullivan battle, next July, Jackson will, no doubt, have an opportunity of proving whether he is the great I am in the pugilistic hemisphere that Hallahan claims him to be.

I cannot smoke the Jackson brand of segars, because I do not believe the brand is the first quality. I must allow that the brand is in greater demand than before he met McAliff, but tracing back his defeat by Bill Farnham, his drawn battle with Farnham, and his 38-round battle with Tom Lees, the Australian Kangaroo, now in this city, Jackson, in my opinion, is miles behind Kilrain and the now famous champion's coming opponent, John L. Sullivan.

It is bad policy, I think, to flatter the black champion or to make too much fuss about Jackson's latest victory. He may, as San Francisco sporting men claim, be a better pugilist than Jake Kilrain or John L. Sullivan, but I have no proof of it and I do not believe it. I must allow that Jackson, with his great height, weight and reach, and his undoubted skill and activity should be able to meet any man alive, and give a good account of himself afterward, if he only has courage enough. But then, it must be remembered that Jackson has really done nothing so far. His greatest achievement was his defeat of Lees, and though he did all that was required of him, very much was not required. Lees was not only outmatched as regards height, weight and science, but he failed to display ordinary pluck, and this discounts Jackson's victory.

If Jackson had picked up the gauntlet when Jem Smith, England's champion, challenged him two weeks ago to have the battle decided in France at his own time, I should have supposed that the black champion would have accepted this offer if he had any idea of meeting a man able to test his merits as an A No. 1 pugilist.

I should judge by Jackson's reply to Smith's offer that he is not eager to meet anyone in the twenty-four-round ring outside the California Athletic Club. Why Jackson refuses to battle outside the precincts of the club in which he is an attaché and from which club he receives a salary, is strange, and there is evidently some reason for it which the club and Jackson could only explain.

I see that Jackson is booked to meet Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria Giant, next month; but little interest will be attached to the affair, simply because Kilrain defeated Cardiff, and, if Jackson is the wonder the sporting men of San Francisco would try and make the public believe he is, it is all over but the shouting, for no matter how hard Cardiff may train or what form he may display no one can deny that he is evidently handicapped in various ways. He may win, but the chances and the surroundings are all against his doing so. It is "Walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly." Jackson is the spider, the California Athletic Club the parlor, and Cardiff is the fly.

The Peoria Giant will have to meet Jackson according to the rules which govern all contests in the California Athletic Club. He will be compelled to allow them to select the gloves, timekeepers and referee, the only concession that will be

allowed him will be the selection of his own seconds. Why, then, is he not handicapped?

I understand that it was owing to these rules and conditions that Charley Mitchell would not agree to contend against Dempsey in the California modern Pivos Court, and they also made Jake Kilrain, the champion, look before he made the leap and give up any idea of entering the arena against Jackson.

I do not say there is anything practiced in the California Athletic Club that is unfair, but it is my opinion that when two men enter the arena to battle for wealth, fame and glory they should be allowed to arrange the preliminaries and conditions which are, to govern the contest, especially in selecting the referee, gloves, etc.

If the California Athletic Club continue offering big purses and expect they are going to have the champions, or those knocking at the door of the champions' castle, to battle for them, they will have to change their rules and not insist upon the selection by the club of the judges, timekeepers and referee, especially when a man is to meet their champion, he being an attaché and paid employee of the club.

One of the great flat encounters that is now creating a widespread interest from Maine to Oregon is the pending battle between Jack McAliff, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the light-weight champion, and Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., a pugilist who, by his battles in the arena, has gained for himself considerable fame and prestige. McAliff and Myers are to battle on Feb. 15 within a short distance from Chicago.

The battle is to be governed by revised Queensberry rules, for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the light-weight championship of the world. Only a limited number of spectators will be present, and the battle, judging from the prior battles McAliff and Myers have engaged in, will be a long and desperate one. Myers is of German descent and may be able to defeat McAliff, but it is with pugilists, like fighting dogs, a great deal has to do with their breeding, and probably Myers' German may just prove to him a barrier of stamina, or what is, to use the vernacular, a stayer, is concerned.

McAliff is an Irish-American and his stamina has been proved time and again, more especially in his long and determined battle with Jimmy Carney, the best light-weight England ever sent forth to do battle, and unless Myers is a phenomenon, McAliff should retain the belt and pocket the \$5,000. In the West there has been heavy speculation on the result, and I am informed by sporting men at Streator and in Chicago that if McAliff can win that his admirers may scoop in a haul of money.

Billy Madden and Bobby Drew are training McAliff, and, from latest advices, I understand he was in the best possible condition.

I think Jack McAliff, the light-weight champion, is the best in his class that ever stepped into a 24-foot ring, with or without gloves, barring none, and, carefully trained and in condition, he should prove invincible against any pugilist in the light-weight class, no matter where his antagonist may hail from or how great his fame reputation. I remember when Billy Madden first brought him out as an amateur. None of the great judges of amateur boxing would admit that he was a bona fide champion, but in spite of many drawbacks, and through Madden's management, he proved beyond all cavil and dispute that he was a genuine amateur champion. Since McAliff became a professional he has kept the "pride of place," although the best men that England and this country could produce have been matched against him.

McAliff's battle and victory over Jake Hyams, the acknowledged best light-weight in England with exception of Jem Carney, proved beyond dispute that McAliff possesses every essential qualification both in quantity and quality so necessary to be a champion and hold the trophy which represents the championship of the world. I have witnessed every battle for the light-weight championship, from the Barney Aaron and Collyer fight at Polek Landing, Va., up to the present time, and must acknowledge that McAliff is the premier.

I have never witnessed Billy Myers of Streator, Ill., box or fight, but, judging from information I have received from the reports of his encounters, I have not the least doubt that he is a promising candidate for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship of the world, and is a pugilist well worthy to be backed against McAliff for the large stakes they are to battle for.

It would be an insane idea either to say McAliff will defeat Myers or that the latter will defeat the champion, but I will state that if Myers should defeat McAliff he will be worthy of the confidence his backers has reposed in him and justly entitled to shine as the light-weight champion of the world. I have not the least doubt that the battle will be a desperate one, and thousands will be wagered on the result, and may the best man win.

I see that Captain John Brewer, the American champion wing shot, is still keeping his shotgun from rusting in England. Brewer won the championship of the world cup recently. Brewer undertook a match with Walter Blake at Hendon, Eng. The conditions of the match were to compete for \$500 a side at 50 birds each. Captain Brewer standing at 33 yards to his opponent's 30. Notwithstanding his skill with the gun, it was certainly somewhat rash on the part of Captain Brewer to concede Mr. Blake 3 yards, for the latter sportsman is considered one of the finest wing shots in Great Britain.

As soon as the burning of powder began, odds of 25 to 30 were offered on Blake. Captain Brewer commenced by failing to stop his bird, and it was certainly disheartening for him to see two out of his first five rocks fall dead out of bounds, after receiving the contents of both barrels. Blake shot well and led throughout the contest, gaining a somewhat easy victory by five birds, making a grand total of 41 kills out of 50. Captain Brewer's score was 36 kills out of 50, excellent work at 33 yards' rise.

Brewer, on Jan. 15 undertook, for a wager of \$1,000, to knock over 50 blue rocks out of 100, at Hendon. The American had better luck, for, standing back 35 yards from the trap, he stopped 19 of the first 25, 41 out of 50, 56 out of 75, and 60, the required number, at the eighty-first round. The weather was dull, with an absence of wind.

By the way, I learn efforts are being made at Kansas City to arrange a great pigeon shoot for the championship of the world. Letters have been sent to about fifteen of the most prominent shots in the country asking them to participate. The proposition is to make a free-for-all race, open to the world, at 100 birds, Hurlingham rules to govern, \$100 entrance, four money. Among those to be specially invited to participate in the events are: Captain Bogardus, Dr. Carver, Charley Budd, J. R. Sica, Carter, Bud Doster, Al Bandle, R. O. Heikes, R. E. Organ, George Kleineman, F. S. Farnelle, C. C. Williams, Andy Meaders, J. M. Crabb, Fred Kimble, Hank Watson, Wm. Siegler, Frank Glass, Frank Kleinitz, W. Fred Quinby, W. H. Skinner, S. H. Tucker, Ben Telpel, Irwin, of Abilene; McClure, of Pittsburg; McMurry, Graham, and all the crack wing shots of the country. It will be open to all comers, whether professional or not, and would go far to establish the American championship.

J. Darby, the champion jumper of England, is to come to this country to test the abilities with J. W. Hamilton in broad jumping. It is claimed that Darby can jump 15 feet. If this is the case, Hamilton will have to succumb, although there was a time when Hamilton could jump 15 feet, and his record is 14 feet 5½ inches.

On Jan. 13 Albert H. Hamm and Jake Gaudaur left St. Louis for San Francisco.

Owing to numerous orders daily received for all kinds of sporting goods and books of all descriptions, the POLICE GAZETTE has, for the convenience of its readers, opened a Supply and Purchasing Agency, in charge of a thoroughly competent man, where any orders in the above line will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. All orders must be accompanied by the cash to receive attention and addressed to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Where Joe Coburn and Jem Mace Met to Contest for the Fistic Supremacy.

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J. N. S., Boston.—No.
T. W. M., Boston.—Yes.
E. J. S., N. Y. City.—Yes.
W. H. C., Albion, N. Y.—No.
E. A. H., Bibb, Neb.—A win.
J. W. C., Boston, Mass.—A win.
W. E. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Gus Hill.
R. C. G., Pittsford, N. H.—Gus Hill.
CONSTANT READERS.—C technically wins.
J. W. C., Hasleton, Pa.—Mace and Slade.
J. K. J., Paulboro, N. J.—Jake Kilrain.
M. J., Boston, Mass.—Yes, at San Francisco.
J. H., Chicago, Ill.—Buy the POLICE GAZETTE.
J. W. H., Butte City, M. T.—Thanks for items.
SUBSCRIBER, Columbus, O.—New York county.
J. & B., Helena, Mont.—Twenty-three years of age.
MEMPHIS MAN.—The hand from the five to the nine.
M. M. G., Clinton, Wis.—No such paper is published.
J. W. and J., Holyoke, Mass.—Apply to some lawyer.
J. B. L., Brooklyn, E. D.—Dean Wilson, Buffalo, N. Y.
E. S., Parkville, L. I.—Yes, with gloves, at Cincinnati.
E. C., Glens Falls.—George Littlewood was the winner.
S. K., Nashville, Tenn.—They met in a ring three times.
G. F. B., Newport, R. I.—He is entitled to a run of three.
W. H., State Street, Chicago.—Thanks for letters to hand.
T. J. W., Sundance, Wyo.—No; he should have five cards.
J. F. L., Washington, D. C.—There is no such book in print.
G. E. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—John L. Sullivan was born on Oct. 15, 1858.

S. A., Newark, N. J.—In throwing poker dice, sizes are always high.
CHAS. ECKLES, Manning, Carroll Co., Ia.—There is no book on the subject.
P. M. B., Schenectady, N. Y.—We do not know the pedestrian you refer to.
G. M. W., St. Joseph, Mo.—Throwing dice with a key in the box is unfair.
P. B. C., Portsmouth, Va.—Jack McAliff and Joe McAliff are not related.
C. A. E., Chicago, Ill.—Write to Chas. E. Davies, South Clark street, your city.
R. J., Holyoke, Mass.—1. The referee's decision decided the question. 2. No.

NEWSDEALER, Nashville, Tenn.—Thanks for the letter and the trouble you went to.
F. B., Middletown, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey was born in the county Kildare, Ireland.
D. S., New York City.—A loss. Mike Cleary was born in Queen's county, Ireland.

H. R. A., South Australian Club, Melbourne, Australia.—Thanks for letter, photo, etc.
J. N. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.—B wins. Taylor had 17,785 plurality and 10,942 majority.

J. W. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—Alderman William McMullin, of Philadelphia, was the referee.
J. C. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—The battle was fought on an island on the Seine, France, Dec. 16, 1887.

J. E. C., Jersey City.—Send 55 cents and we will mail you "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain."
W. C. A., Meriden, Miss.—A has a right to call eights if he holds the six and the eight in hand.

PINE, N. Y. City.—Mike Cleary and Jake Kilrain did box in this city at Madison Square Garden.
T. D., Albany, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan is the oldest. Sullivan was born in 1858 and Kilrain in 1859.

J. H. O. B., Albany, N. Y.—We do not know who owns the breed, but we think it is a Mr. Grist.
V. J., Alma, Colo.—You should have stated whether it is the rule of the house to split on the last double.

A READER, Danbury, Conn.—Not that we are aware of. Write to the respective billiard players about the matter.
J. J., Boston, Mass.—The battle was decided a draw, but it was generally admitted that Dempsey had the advantage.

S. W., Boston.—Jack McAliff, the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, was not born in Brooklyn, and B wins.
J. D., New York City.—Mike Cleary and Charley Mitchell boxed twice—once in New York city and once in San Francisco.

W. G., Weare City, Kan.—John L. Sullivan never held the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. He had it round his waist at Philadelphia.
W. B., Billings, Mont.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain never fought. Send to this office for "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain."

W. G., Akron, O.—We supply boxing gloves, galls, sporting pictures of famous pugilists, fighting books, athletes' suits or any line of sporting goods you require.
H. L. A., Haverhill, Mass.—John Flood did not knock John L. Sullivan down when they fought on a barge on the Hudson for the Mallahan and Boon purse of \$150.

J. H. C., Fort Russell, Wyoming Territory.—1. We have not the space. 2. There can be no comparison, for Jack Randall's battles were all fought with the naked fists.
M. J., Akron, O.—It is a hard matter to decide who owns the best fighting dog. Jack Napoleon, of Pittsburg, and Jim, of New York, are both claimed as the best.

P. P., Pasadena, Cal.—1. Tom Sayers. 2. It is an impossible matter to decide what pugilist ever struck the hardest blow, simply because there never was a special trial.
A. W. D., Pittsburgh.—In all articles of agreement, when it is specified that a battle must be fought within 200 miles or 100 miles of any city, it means the distance as the crow flies.

D. M., Columbus, O.—The best performance for jumping three standing jumps, with weights, is 39 feet 3 inches, by D. M. Sullivan, at St. Catharines, Canada, made on Aug. 17, 1885.
C. H. R., Milton.—The parties who threw 14 and tied both beat the party who threw 13, consequently the parties who tied shut out the low man, and take first and second prize after throwing off the tie.

E. H., West Warren, Mass.—A has to first make his two that he did before he can claim out on high. If he fails to make two, then B wins by holding low, as high low Jack game is counted in the above order.
C. G. S. M., Lu Verne, Minn.—1. John L. Sullivan was twenty-four years of age when he fought Paddy Ryan. 2. They fought at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1882. 3. What do you mean, amateur or professional time?

T. W., N. Y. City.—Joe Coburn and Jem Mace did not fight at New Orleans. A loss. Mace and Allen fought near New Orleans, at Kennerville, La. Coburn and Mace fought at Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, and Sullivan and Ryan fought in Mississippi.

W. S. J., Baltimore, Md.—A wins. Kilrain is taller and heavier than Sullivan. Kilrain stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weighs, untrained, 235 pounds; trained, 195 pounds. Sullivan

stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighs 230 pounds untrained and trained 190 pounds.

CATCHAWAY, Cincinnati, O.—Before dogs are fought they are always washed in a tub of hot water with plenty of potash, in order that all pernicious drugs that are frequently rubbed on them may be eradicated. Each handler is required to wash his opponent's dog and it is customary for the handlers to taste each other's dog, if the referee orders it done.

G. J. C., Frostburg, Md.—1. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought once according to London prize ring rules, and twice with gloves according to Queensberry rules. Sullivan was victorious in the first encounter, the next ended in a draw, the police stopping the contest just as it began. Sullivan defeated Ryan in the third battle. 2. Yes; Sullivan did refuse to meet Jake Kilrain. 3. No; but long before he met Cardiff.

J. F. S., Sherman, Tex.—The definition of the word Creole is a word used of South America, the West Indies and Mauritius. In its widest sense it designates any one born in the country, but of a race not native to it. It is usually applied to persons born in the colony or country and of pure European blood, as distinguished from immigrants, Europeans and also from the offspring of mixed blood. Creole languages are corruptions of Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese and English, arising in various colonies.

M. J. W., Boston, Mass.—Duncan C. Ross stands 6 feet ¼ inch in height, weighing 230 pounds; chest, 48 inches; waist, 35 inches; thigh, 26½ inches; calf, 17½ inches; neck, 18½ inches; biceps, 16½ inches; forearm, 13½ inches, and yet there does not seem to be an ounce of spare flesh in his make-up. He is the largest man ever measured at Harvard, where many thousands of athletes have been measured in past years. Here his chest depth is given as 28 inches, this being two kilos deeper than John L. Sullivan, the flat ex-champion.

D. M., New York City.—The Sullivan and Kilrain match must come off 300 miles of New Orleans. It is not necessary that the proposed great mill should be decided in Louisiana, but it must, according to the agreement, take place within 200 miles of the Crescent City. The question as to where the gigantic flat gladiators will shy their caters into the ring will only be known on June 8, four weeks from the day set for the battle, when Sullivan and Kilrain or their representatives will meet to choose the place of naming the battle ground. Should Sullivan win the toss, he will have the privilege of selecting the battle ground, either in Texas, Louisiana, or Alabama, while if Kilrain should be fortunate enough to win the toss, he will also have the preference of selecting the place of fighting, which must be any place within the limit of 200 miles from New Orleans.

SPORTING NOTES.

George Cartwright, the famous English pedestrian, has returned to this city from England.

Jack Ashton and Jack Wannop have been matched to box 10 rounds for a purse of \$1,000 at the Athenian Club, Boston.

Jack Barnett, John L. Sullivan's manager, was in this city on Jan. 16, looking for a hall for Sullivan to have an exhibition.

George Le Blanche, the Marine, the well-known middle-weight pugilist and one of the best men at his weight in the world, is now in this city.

Joe Donoghue, of Newburgh, defeated Van Pasch, the Russian, at Amsterdam, Holland, on Jan. 15, and won the championship of the world.

Dominick McCaffrey, the well-known pugilist, was in this city on Jan. 16. He came on to find out when Jack Fallon would be ready to meet him.

Ben Bendoff, the veteran pugilist, who in his day fought Bill Smith, the Brighton Doctor, and George Sims, was recently tendered a benefit in England.

Charley Osler, the well-known jockey, who recently had his leg broken, was tendered a benefit at Hoboken on Jan. 15, and the exhibition was a financial success.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and Denny Costigan did a big business last week at Pittsburgh. Manager Rice says Dempsey is a great drawing card and very popular.

The leading bookmakers of the Alliance are engaged in a billiard handicap which is being played in this city and attracting considerable interest. Nearly \$20,000 changed hands.

Jem Million and Bill Riley fought on Jan. 1 at Cockfield Fell, England, and Riley, who is nearly twice the age of Million, after a determined contest gained a very decisive victory.

Jem Smith will not have to wait another year before he can coax any Englishman to meet him in the arena. Jack Wannop, on his return to England, will be matched against him.

Tom Powell and Ben Stevens, who were arrested for prize fighting recently at Exeter, England, were only fined £1 each, and on Jan. 2 at Exeter they were put under bonds to keep the peace.

George Lee, O'Connor's trainer, called at this office on Jan. 16. On the same evening he left to join the champion, who is to journey to San Francisco to row Jake Gaudaur for the single scull championship and \$2,000.

Jim Foll is probably the busiest pugilist in the business. He no sooner engages in one battle than he arranges another. He has challenged Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to battle for \$500 a side and the gate money.

Prize fighting is again all the rage in England. On Jan. 2 Tom Brown and George Duckworth fought under London prize ring rules for a purse. In the tenth round Duckworth knocked Brown out and won. The battle lasted 30 minutes 7 seconds.

Green, the English pedestrian, has started to walk 5,100 miles in 100 days, at Southampton, Eng. Edward Payson Weston, the American pedestrian, accomplished the feat of walking 5,000 miles in 100 days, and Green expects to beat Weston's record.

On Jan. 16, at Hamburg, Germany, Joe F. Donoghue, of Newburgh, N. Y., defeated all the crack German skaters and won the Hamburg cup and the skating championship of Germany. The American champion entered the race immediately after he arrived in Vienna from Amsterdam, having had no rest.

Pat Killen recently had an offer to go to San Francisco and meet Peter Jackson in the California Athletic Club for a purse of \$2,000, of which the loser was to receive \$500. Killen did not accept, but stated that "when he was ready to meet fighting dogs, nigs and niggers he would give Jackson the first chance."

Billy Madden writes from Beloit, Wis., where he is training Jack McAliff, that the light-weight champion has met with great success during his trip to the West, and that at Myers' headquarters McAliff received the best of treatment. McAliff has gone into training under the mentorship of Billy Madden and Bob Drew, who will also second him in his coming encounter with Billy Myers.

At Los Angeles, Cal., recently, Miss Myrtle Peek took part in a race against her riderless horse Longview, by Longfellow. Longview ran the first two heats of one mile each in 2:01 and 1:50. Longview is a noble fellow and shows how well he has been trained. After a wait of 15 minutes, Miss Peek appeared in circus costume, to try and beat 1:55, riding two horses standing. She made the remarkable time of 1:54½.

In a barn at Ridgewood, N. J., on Jan. 14, there was a slashing mill between Tom Kahle, who is five feet seven inches in height, weighing 135 pounds, and Harry Topping, five feet nine inches, weighing 140 pounds. Ten rounds were fought with skin gloves. Kahle was the victor, Topping being fearfully punished. The fight was for \$150 a side. There were fourteen spectators at \$5 a head. The men are from Hoboken, and are young. The referee was W. E. Simmons, of New York.

Any one who requires sporting goods or books of any description, at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest rates, can get them promptly by forwarding an order and the cash to Richard K. Fox, the POLICE GAZETTE Supply and Purchasing Agency, Franklin Square, New York.



HE CALLS HER HIS FAIRY BRIDE.

PROF. JAMES CORKERY'S FANTASTIC MARRIAGE TO LITTLE BERTHA MUNDY, ONE OF HIS PRIMARY PUPILS, AT SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.



LOUIS REASHAW,

THE ONE-LEGGED JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OF FORT THOMAS, ARIZONA TERRITORY, A TERROR TO EVIL DOERS.



A DESPERATE DEED.

THE BRUTAL OUTRAGE PERPETRATED ON MRS. RAUGHERDEN WHO WAS ASSAULTED AND ROBBED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AT PATERSON, N. J.



TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH WILD BEASTS.

THE INCREDIBLE NERVE AND PLUCK OF MRS. CASPERDONE AT MANDAN, DAK.



MARRIED ON HER DEATH BED.

HOW A BROOKLYN YOUNG MAN PLAYED THE MANLY ROLE AND HID THE DISGRACE OF THE WOMAN HE BETRAYED.



BRIDE AND GROOM IN PERIL.

HOW THE HONEYMOON OF A HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE CAME NEAR ENDING IN A TRAGEDY AT RICHMOND, VA.



TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

WHAT AN IRATE HUSBAND OF FRANKLIN, IND., DID WHEN HE DISCOVERED EVIDENCE OF HIS WIFE'S INFIDELITY.

TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH WILD BEASTS.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Charles Casperdone of Mandan, Dak., is a woman of decided pluck, as was amply demonstrated a few nights ago, when her chicken roost was visited by wildcats. Rushing in at the door of the henry, she encountered a wildcat, which sprang at her, catching one of its claws in her left arm, lacerating it terribly. Pushing it away she struck it a blow which rendered it unconscious. Another of the cats sprang at her, seizing the calf of her right leg and cutting it severely with its teeth. Mrs. Casperdone aimed a blow at the beast which missed, but the animal became frightened and ran into the woods.

The third cat, which had been crouching in a corner, then sprang upon the plucky little woman, getting its teeth entangled in her clothing and tearing it almost from her body. She succeeded in pushing the animal from her, and as it sprang at her throat the second time she dealt it a blow which killed it.

Mrs. Casperdone was so overcome that she fell in a faint, and was found there by a neighbor who had been summoned by one of the boys. She is still alive, but will probably not recover from the effects of her wounds.

DR. W. W. MULLIKEN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

This town, says a special to the Chicago Times from Escanaba, Mich., is excited over a very sensational scandal. It has been charged that W. W. Mulliken has been guilty of the horrible practice of luring little girls to his office and assaulting them.

Twelve years ago Dr. Mulliken located here as a practicing physician. There has been much talk about him for two years, but it did not take form until Thursday of last week, when, as the result of investigation, he was arrested and placed under \$1,000 bail. He forfeited his bail and ran away.

Children were questioned before concealed witnesses, and the horrifying facts were developed that many little girls have been ruined by him at his office. There seems to be no limit to his immoral conduct. It is claimed that over forty girls, ranging from 10 to 15 years of age, are his victims. Their names are withheld.

HE CALLS HER HIS FAIRY BRIDE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Prof. James Corkery, Principal of the Park Public School, of South Amboy, N. J., has rendered himself liable to prosecution by marrying little Bertha Mundy, one of the pupils in the primary department of his school. Bertha will be nine years old, her mother says, on the 8th day of next month. She is a little bit of a slender child, with light-brown hair and blue eyes. It is more than a year since her marriage to Prof. Corkery, but she has never left her parents' home nor has she at any time lived with her husband.

The wedding was fantastic to the highest degree, and the people of South Amboy look on the whole thing as a big joke—"one of Corkery's vagaries." The Professor, in a two-column story in the local newspaper, calls the ceremony "a fairy wedding celebrated in a public school."

A DESPERATE DEED.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Paterson, N. J., is ringing with indignation over the attacks made by three desperadoes on a respectable widow woman in her home in broad daylight a few days ago.

The victim of the assault and robbery is Mrs. Wm. Raughterden, now lying prostrate at her home from the shock she received. She says that two white men and a colored man entered the house while she was alone, pursued her to the kitchen, threw her down and plied her to the floor, one of them putting the muzzle of a revolver to her head, compelled her to reveal the whereabouts of \$100 she had concealed in the house. What took place afterward she does not remember. The men escaped.

THEY WERE HAVING A FINE RACKET.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Adeline Jones is probably the first woman in Chicago ever charged with keeping a gambling house, but this was the accusation against her at the Desplaines Street Police Court on Saturday morning. Her rooms were raided the previous night. When the police forced their way into the rooms they found the game of poker in progress, with both men and women players. The woman, Adeline Jones, was dealing and cashing the chips, and for that reason was booked as keeper, although she denies owning the place. The other two women and the half dozen men arrested gave assumed names, and were bailed out soon after being brought to the station.

LOUIS REASHAW.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The subject of our illustration, Mr. L. Reashaw, was born on the upper waters of Bitter Creek, in Wyoming. He was a Government scout for a long time. On going to Fort Thomas, A. T., to reside, about 1882, he was almost immediately elected Justice of the Peace, which office he has held ever since.

While on his way home from the court room one night, after rendering a decision in an exciting case, he was attacked by an assassin, and, being unarmed, boldly put the assassin to flight with his cut-throat.

Justice Reashaw is very popular in the section where he resides, where he is a terror to evil-doers.

JOHN DIMARCO.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

John Dimarco, an Italian, who murdered his mistress, Alice Fletcher, otherwise known as "Italian Alice," on Jan. 2, at Albany. His arrest has as yet not been effected. The police of that city have sent out the following description of him: Italian by birth; age, about 35; height, 5-feet 7 or 8 inches; weight, about 150 pounds; dark complexion; black hair and moustache, and small side burns. Wore when last seen a navy blue suit, dark overcoat, either blue or black, and derby hat. Slightly pitted with small pox scars, long-haired eyebrows.

GUILTY OF ILICIT LOVE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

After long deliberation, the jury in the church trial of Mrs. Irene Maddox, at Pleasant Grove, near Tuscola, Ill., returned a verdict of guilty against the woman, and she is no longer a member of the Methodist church of that place. Mrs. Maddox was charged with being criminally intimate with H. K. Watson, formerly postmaster at Brushy Fork. One of the witnesses

described a meeting of the pair one night among the rose bushes in Mrs. Watson's yard, by which she (the witness) secured convincing evidence of their illicit attachment for each other.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Luther Talman, of Fairport, Monroe county, N. Y., registered at the Cass Avenue Hotel, in Detroit, Mich., a few days ago. His visit there was for the purpose of buying clover seed, and he visited a number of commission and other houses. Thursday night he decided to attend the theatre and went there. About 11 o'clock he started for his hotel. On the way he was attacked by highwaymen and robbed of \$5,500 in cash. The robbery is considered one of the boldest that has ever taken place in Detroit.

PATRICK CAMPBELL.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Police Superintendent Patrick Campbell, whose genial countenance adorns this issue of the GAZETTE, is one of the brightest officials that our sister city, Brooklyn, has ever had the good fortune to have at the head of that department. He commands the respect of all, and is admired for his fidelity to duty and unceasing energy in the detection of crime. He is always cordial and pleasant to visitors, and willingly imparts all the information he can to newspaper representatives, who are his warm friends.

BARED THEIR PRETTY ARMS.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Much consternation was caused at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., on the 15th inst., when it was publicly announced that Miss Anna F. Moon, of Newport, Herkimer county, a sophomore student boarding at Sage College, was ill with smallpox. President Adams issued an order requesting all students to assemble at the gymnasium for the purpose of vaccination. It was subsequently ascertained that the young lady in question had only chickenpox.

WOMEN WATCHED HIM STRUNG UP.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Kellum, of Pratt Mines, near Birmingham, Ala., was on Saturday assaulted and her 9-year-old son killed by an unknown negro. Several men were arrested and brought before her. She seemed to recognize one, Geo. Meadows, as her assailant, though she was not positive. On the strength of a like crime committed some time ago, of which a colored girl was the victim, Meadows was lynched and his body filled with bullets. Many women witnessed the affair.

MRS. BECKIE RAWSON.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Mrs. Beckie Rawson, who shot Lawyer Whitney in Chicago, Ill., the attorney for the prosecution in a divorce suit brought against her, will soon be placed on trial for that offense. The case, it is said, will elicit evidence of the most sensational character.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Police Gazette Card Player;

OR,

How to Play Poker, Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Pinochle, Whist, All Fours and all Other Games.

NOW READY. PRICE, 25 CTS.

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Sealed Pint Jar of common white beans will be opened March 20, 1889, the beans counted, and \$305 in CASH given FREE to subscribers, viz: for the first correct, for most nearly correct, 100; second, \$50; third, \$25; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5; to each of the next 115 best, \$1. Each guesser must send 30 cents for three months' trial subscription to the "Brain Tester" (name of guesser, now in its tenth year, and name paper in which this offer was noticed. No attention to dead-beat guessers. We will publish names and addresses of prize winners. Quick-time money. THE YANKEE WORLD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send 2 stamps for prices of Preserves, Type, Cards, Envelopes, etc., etc. Acme Card Co., Maywood, N. J.

Photo Frames, 10c. TURNER, 208 E. 76th St., N. Y.

When you write mention the Police Gazette.

THEY CHARGE HER WITH IT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

At 1:30 o'clock this morning, says a Pittsburg, Pa., despatch dated Jan. 8, Police Lieutenant Snyder heard a pistol shot in the residence of Albert Davis, in Frankstown avenue, East End. On entering the house he discovered the body of Davis lying at the foot of the stairs dead, with a bullet hole in his head.

In one of the rooms the officer found a woman named Carrie Palmer and a little colored girl named Nellie White in their night clothes. A revolver and a number of empty beer bottles were found on a table.

Carrie Palmer refused to give the officers any information. The officers are confident, however, that she committed the murder.

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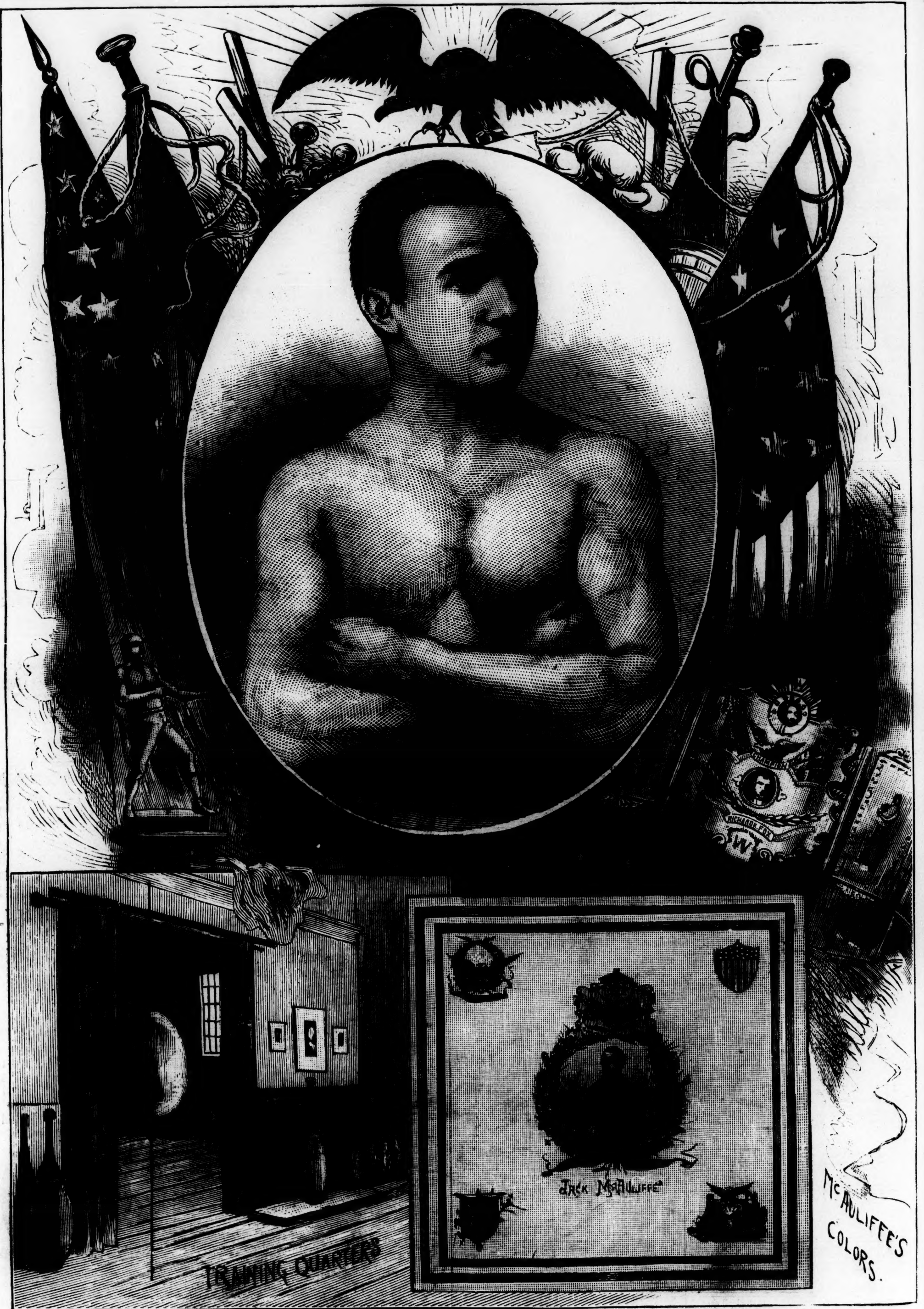
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